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HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE, "UNION" CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY HUGHES, OF NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.]

THE UNION CANDIDATES.

THE Party "of the Union and the Constitution," which met at Baltimore on 9th May, organized without difficulty, and on the second ballot nominated for President Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee. Hon. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, was subsequently nominated for Vice-President. We give herewith portraits of both candidates.

HON. JOHN BELL, OF TENNESSEE.

Hon. John Bell was born near Nashville, Tennessee, on the 15th of February, 1797, and passed his early days among the honest and sagacious cultivators of the soil.

Entering Cumberland College, afterward the Nashville University, young Bell graduated in 1816, and two years afterward had mastered his legal studies and was admitted to the bar. Establishing himself at Franklin, Williamson County, he was at once recognized as one eminently well qualified to represent the people; and in 1817, when but twenty years of age, he was elected a State Senator. His *début* was brilliant; but he declined a re-election, preferring to devote himself to the practice of his profession.

In 1826 he became a candidate for Congress against Felix Grundy, one of the most popular men in the State of Tennessee, and who had the powerful support of Andrew Jackson, then a candidate for the Presidency against John Quincy Adams. Mr. Bell was elected. By successive elections he continued a member of the House of Representatives for fourteen years.

He entered Congress a warm admirer of Mr. Calhoun, and strongly opposed to the protective system, against which he made a speech in 1832. Subsequent investigations and reflection induced him to change his opinions on that subject. He was opposed to the appropriation of money by the general Government for roads and canals in the States, except in the case of some great road for military purposes, like the Pacific Railroad, and in favor of the policy of improving the great rivers and lake harbors. With all his apparent admiration for Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Bell opposed the South Carolina doctrine of nullification, and was made Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, with special reference to the questions connected with that subject which might have to be considered and reported on. For ten years he was Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs.

He was in favor of a United States Bank, though he voted against the bill for its recharter in 1832, because, as it is alleged, he believed that the subject was brought up at that time—four years before the expiration of the old charter—merely to defeat General Jackson in the ensuing Presidential election, and because he was afraid the President would veto the bill, which proved to be the case. He protested against the removal of the deposits, and refused to vote for a resolution approving that measure. This refusal was one of the causes which led to the subsequent breach between himself and President Jackson and the Democratic party, and finally to his co-operation with the Whigs. This change of party relations was much accelerated by his election to the Speakership of the House of Representatives in 1834.

In June of that year Mr. Stevenson resigned the chair upon being nominated Minister to Great Britain, and Mr. Bell was elected to succeed him, in opposition to James K. Polk, afterward President of the United States, who was the candidate of the Administration and of the Democratic party. Mr. Bell was supported by the Whigs and a portion of the Democratic party who were opposed to the intended nomination of Martin Van Buren as successor to General Jackson. The principal ground of Mr. Bell's opposition to Mr. Van Buren was his strong disapproval of the system of removals from subordinate offices for political reasons—a system which Mr. Van Buren had zealously promoted in the party conflicts of the State of New York; and which, it was supposed, he intended to carry out to its full extent in the administration of the Federal Government. The final separation between Mr. Bell and General Jackson took place in 1835, when Mr. Bell declared himself in favor of Judge White for the Presidency, in opposition to Mr. Van Buren. Up to that time there had been no opposition in Tennessee to General Jackson's Administration, and it was generally supposed that his personal and political influence could not fail to subdue the opposition raised by Judge White and his friends. The whole force of the Administration was exerted to this end. Judge White carried the State by a large majority, and Mr. Bell was re-elected to Congress. An impulse was given to the political character of Tennessee, which arrayed it in opposition to the Democracy during the four succeeding Presidential elections, 1840–'44–'48–'52.

When the reception of petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was agitated in the House of Representatives, in 1836, Mr. Bell alone, of the Tennessee delegation, favored their reception. Subsequently, in 1838, when Atherton's resolutions were introduced, proposing to receive and lay these petitions on the table, he maintained his consistency by voting in the negative.

General Harrison, when elected President, invited Mr. Bell to enter his Cabinet as Secretary of War, a position which he resigned after Mr. Tyler became President. He was then tendered a seat in the Senate, but declined in favor of Mr. Foster. In 1847 he was elected, and in 1853 re-elected, a United States Senator from Tennessee; and his course in favor of the Compromise Measures, the internal improvement bills, the increase of our steam-navy, a Pacific railroad, agricultural colleges, and other similar measures, was as marked as was his opposition to the Nebraska Bill, the Lecompton Constitution, extravagant expenditures, and threats of disunion.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS, "UNION" CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

Since his retirement from public life he has resided at his home in Nashville, where his accomplished wife and daughters are ever ready to join him in extending genuine Tennessee hospitality to their numerous friends.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Mr. Everett, the golden-mouthed orator, was born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1794. The son of a New England clergyman, he was educated with the care which such a father was likely to bestow on his son. So precocious was he, that at thirteen he matriculated at Harvard, and graduated with honors four years later. His aptitude as a linguist was so notorious that the ruling powers of Harvard College kept their eye on him; and soon after he left the University, before he was twenty-one, he was offered the professorship of Greek, with the condition that, if he accepted it, he must spend some years in European travel, in order to fit himself for his duties.

In 1819 Mr. Everett entered upon the discharge of his duties as Professor of Greek; and shortly afterward, the editorship of the *North American Review* falling vacant, he assumed charge of that journal, and raised it to a high rank in literature.

In 1824, when Mr. Everett was thirty years of age, he began, simultaneously, his career as a politician and as an orator. An oration which he delivered in presence of the venerable Lafayette in that year attracted universal attention to his extraordinary powers; and from that time forth he became one of the leading orators of the country. In the same year he was sent to Congress from Middlesex. In the House he was chiefly noted for his industrious habits and vast learning. He was an invaluable man on committees. On all debates of importance his voice was heard; but he never sought to make speeches for the sake of hearing his own voice. What he said was brief and to the point. Strangers, especially from New England, frequently thronged the House when he was to speak, in the expectation of hearing a grand oration; but they were generally disappointed. Mr. Everett never made a show of oratory in the House.

After ten years arduous labor in Congress, Mr. Everett was elected Governor of Massachusetts, which office he filled to the satisfaction of the people of that State for four consecutive years. In 1839 he was again a candidate, but was defeated by one vote out of over 100,000 cast. This defeat happily left him free to accept the mission to England, which was tendered him by the administration of General Harrison in 1841.

He was absent four years, during which time he won golden opinions from persons of every class in England. Few American statesmen stand as high as Edward Everett in the British judgment at the present time. He was described by an Englishman as a man firm and unbending as a rock on important questions, yet so conciliatory as to lead every one to suppose that he was ready to yield every point in dispute: keen and close in argument, "stuffed full of facts," and "as obstinate a Yankee as you could meet with in a month's journey in New England."

On his return to his own country he assumed the Presidentship of his old University at Cambridge. A fortunate marriage had happily placed him beyond the necessity of daily labor for a livelihood. He was enabled to indulge to his heart's content in the studies which were dear to him, and which are the best solace of life.

Accident disturbed his pleasing labors. He was unexpectedly called to fill a leading office in the Cabinet—the Secretaryship of State. He abandoned his library, and betook himself to the drudgery of official life with as much cheerfulness as he had displayed when his first public honors burst upon him. His most important public act—his letter on the Cuba question—was indited and published after his resignation of office; but the character of the man gave it importance; and there is reason to believe that it was not without influence on the mind of the leading statesmen of England. A subsequent brief senatorial career justified the expectations which had been entertained of Mr. Everett. He played the part of a philosopher and a sage, and held himself aloof from the petty squabbles of politicians.

His subsequent career has been tranquil. He has appeared in public as an orator only. His oration on Charity; his oration on Washington, the profits of which are destined for the Washington Monument, and which has done more for that structure than all the private contributions of the public put together; his oration on Astronomy at the opening of the Albany Geological Hall, in August, 1856, are master-pieces of eloquence which will live for centuries after Burke, and Sheridan, and Patrick Henry, and will be learned by boys in schools in ages far hidden in the future. If every one who has been charmed by Mr. Everett's orations votes for him, he will probably preside over the Senate from 1861 to 1865.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860.

OUR DIRTY LINEN AIRED ABROAD.

THE dirty linen which our Representatives in Congress and our metropolitan journals have been airing in Investigating Committees and leading articles has at length attracted attention abroad, and we are favored with a letter from Lord Macaulay, a speech from Earl Grey, and several articles in the London *Times* on the decline and fall of the Republic of the United States. The authenticity of Lord Macaulay's assault upon American institutions is doubtful; his secretary and confidential friend assures the public that the great historian held opinions absolutely contrary to those expressed in the letter to Mr. Randall. But of the genuineness of the Grey and *Times* jeremiads there is no question. Their weight and authority are impaired, indeed, by the circumstance that both Earl Grey and the *Times* are opposing Lord John Russell's new Reform Bill, which, being democratic in its tendency, is liable to be injured by any exposition of the evils of democracy. Both assailants are interested, and hence unreliable, witnesses. But let that pass. Several of our own journals, more or less influenced by party political considerations, are disposed to admit the truth of Earl Grey's charges against this country; it is therefore worth while to look into them.

Earl Grey says: 1. That "the checks" provided by "the framers of the federal Constitution" against "the dangers of an unbalanced democracy" have been "swept away." How, when, and where? Whatever "checks" the federal Constitution may have originally contained against "the dangers of an unbalanced democracy" it contains still; for it has never been altered since the days of Washington and Jefferson. The Earl's knowledge of history is at fault.

2. He adds, that "it is admitted that the ablest and most enlightened citizens of the United States are absolutely excluded from all share in the government."

This is the mere idle rhodomontade of partisan presses and partisan speakers. The very contrary is the truth. The ablest and most enlightened citizens of the United States are to be found in the ranks of our political parties, and nowhere else. Where will you find, in private life, men of the ability of Stephen A. Douglas, James Buchanan, William H. Seward, Jefferson Davis, James Guthrie, Nathaniel P. Banks, John J. Crittenden, and the other political leaders of the day? Is it in letters? The foremost historian of the country was Secretary of the Navy, and is a political leader; Mr. Everett has not declined the Baltimore nomination; Mr. Hawthorne has just returned from the Liverpool consulship; Mr. Bryant is a leader of the Republicans. Is it in law? With rare exceptions all the foremost politicians of the day are also the leading lawyers of the country, and have abandoned the highest prizes at the bar for the nobler rewards of statesmanship. Great men may be found, doubtless, in the ranks of science who are not politicians; but who would want Agassiz, or Dr. Carnochan, or Professor Peirce to stultify themselves—as they undoubtedly would—by attempting a Congressional career? With the exception of these latter, all the commanding minds of the country are to be found in one or other of our political parties; and so far from its being true that ability and enlightenment are a bar to political influence, it may be safely asserted that there is not, and never was, a country in which able and enlightened men were so sure of that influence as they are here.

3. Earl Grey charges that the influence of the mob on our politics has imparted "an unscrupulous, overbearing tone" to our "dealings with foreign nations." This is mere English perversion of fact. The truth is, that no first-class nation in the world submits to as much bullying by foreign powers as the United States. Our foreign Ministers and Secretaries of State, and Congressmen and editors, are valiant enough in the newspapers and at Tammany Hall; but abroad, and in their dispatches, they roar as gently as any sucking dove. Look at the unparalleled forbearance of the United States in the Enlistment dispute; at the meek way in which we suffer France to levy differential tolls on our shipping; at the long-suffering patience with which the Sound Dues question was negotiated; at the humiliating manner in which we submit to Spanish outrages; at the cowardly tolerance of Mexican assaults upon our countrymen; at the whole course of American diplomacy for the past twenty years; and let any honest man say whether weak and conciliatory are not more fitting epithets to apply to it than unscrupulous and overbearing! Earl Grey betrays himself when he adds that, but for England's forbearance to us—treating us as "spoilt children"—there would have been war between this country and Great Britain before this. We never had a dispute with England in which we did not yield something of what our people deemed their fair rights for the sake of peace. We always have yielded, and always will yield—because we believe that yielding is, on the whole, less costly and troublesome than fighting. Earl Grey's reproach reminds one of the footpad who took a gentleman's watch, hat, and boots; but, on his victim's pleading that he could not walk without boots, restored the latter, exclaiming that he never met so unconscionable and overbearing a fellow, and pray what would he want to bully him out of next?

4. Earl Grey charges that, while the commercial policy of England has been directed toward the removal of restrictions on commerce, ours "has maintained the narrowest system of exploded protection." This, as every one knows, is simply not true. The last two tariffs have each been steps toward free trade; and no man of any character in this country wishes to revive protective duties. At the same time, it must be remembered that protection never pressed as heavily on our people as it did on the pauper laborers of England, and there was the less necessity to be in a hurry to change our system.

5. Earl Grey complains of the coarseness and vulgarity of our Congressional proceedings. This is singularly suggestive of the remark of the exquisite in the old play, who was shocked at the blood and dirt which defiled the clothes of soldiers in battle, and inquired why fighting could not be carried on in a gentlemanly way, so that a gentleman could go into battle and yet keep his hands clean and not soil his ruffles? It is very easy for Englishmen to be grandly polite and ceremonious in Parliament when they have no topics under discussion more exciting than church rates, or the substitution of a £5 for a £10 franchise; but if Parliament had a vital, all-engrossing theme before it like American Slavery, members would as soon forget their good-breeding as our Congressmen do, and squires whose whole patrimony was at stake would be as violent in its defense as Mr. Barksdale or Governor M'Rae. Let a bill be introduced into the British Parliament for the abolition of primogeniture, or the confiscation of the estates of the nobility, and then let us look out for polite discussion, elegant language, and courteous forbearance. The *Congressional Globe* contains no grosser instances of coarse language and vulgar abuse than are to be found in Hansard on every occasion when the public mind in England has been profoundly stirred. In France, during the last Constituent Assembly, there was an average of two or three duels every morning, growing out of the previous day's debate. In fact, politeness and courtesy are excellent things; but it is mere folly to expect to find them in debates which turn on the question whether people shall be robbed of their property or their honor.

6. Earl Grey makes a great point about the corruption which pervades our politics. The charge is well founded. Our State legislatures are generally very corrupt. There are corrupt men in Congress; and the distribution of federal patronage is on a corrupt principle. There is a vast deal of corruption in our electoral business, which, however, is mainly due to our being blessed with a large influx of countrymen of Earl Grey, who are ignorant and unprincipled, and are equally ready to sell their own or to prevent the polling of other men's votes. But, after all, in this matter who shall throw the first stone? In the English journal in which we find the report of Earl Grey's speech several columns are devoted to an inquiry into a case of bribery at an English election; and we have reason to believe that votes are generally even more merchantable throughout Great Britain than here. Not many years since a wealthy Englishman wanted to get into Parliament for a specific purpose. He went to an agent—the procuring of Parliamentary seats is a regular business in England—paid the sum demanded, and was duly elected. He achieved his purpose; but, being an eccentric man, he thought he would try what money could do. The borough which he represented sent two members to Parliament. When a general election came on, he visited his Parliamentary agents and inquired the price of securing the other seat in his borough for a ticket-of-leave man—a discharged convict—who had annoyed his neighborhood by getting drunk and breaking windows. A large sum was mentioned—and paid; and the ticket-of-leave man took his seat in the House. Shortly after the organization this eccentric member rose to resign his seat. He said that he felt he was not wanted there. His colleague—who had committed burglary a few years since, had been transported, restored to his home on a ticket of leave, and elevated to a seat in that House at a cost of £20,000—was quite competent to look after the interests of his constituency. So far as his own seat was concerned, it was his intention to have a chimpanzee nominated for it, and he had no doubt that, with a sufficient sum of money, his efficient Parliamentary agents would have him elected.

This story, we think, will fairly balance the gossip about corrupt contracts on which Earl Grey dwells with so much unction; and we need not waste time in referring to the recent exposures of corruption in the British navy yards, in the commissariat, and in the army. Earl Grey twitting us with political corruptions is like the boa-constrictor complaining of the voracity of the tom-tit.

We need not say that we are not blind to the great evils which embarrass the working of our political system. Very few presses have denounced them with more earnestness than ourselves. But we do not believe that they are inherent in, or consequences of, that system; nor can we see any other which offers a fair prospect of their alleviation. If it were possible to erect a monarchy or an oligarchy in this country, there is no reason for supposing that the change would afford any relief, while it would certainly entail new inconveniences from which we are now free. We believe, honestly, that in the intelligent masses of this country there is a desire and a capacity to cure the more flagrant abuses of our political affairs. The all-engrossing Slavery controversy at present diverts attention from the subject. Were that settled—even for a brief period—the work of reform would be commenced, and a very few simple provisions of law and administration would work a great improvement. We do not believe that twenty-five millions of educated men are incapable of self-government. In every society the friends of good government must largely outnumber the advocates of that which is bad; and when people learn that self-government involves a duty as well as a privilege, the rogues will necessarily be swamped. 'Tis a mere question of time; and for our part, despite Earl Grey, we are proud to say that we do not despair of the Republic.

BANK THIEVES.

THE Cashier of the Union Bank, in London, has just been detected in a petty defalcation of $1,300,000. The Union Bank kept its account with the Bank of England, as our New York bankers keep their account with the Bank of Commerce, or the Republic, or the Metropolitan. The Cashier had two pass-books, one of which went to the Bank of England daily, and showed the true balance due the Union Bank; the other went to the Accountant of the Union Bank, and showed just the balance which the Cashier chose to leave. By skillfully practicing sleight of hand with the two the Cashier was enabled to carry on a system of defalcation for five years, to run through the storms of 1857 without detection, and to steal and to lose in stock speculations over a million and a quarter of money. 'Tis, we believe, the greatest defalcation on record.

A wholesome moral may be drawn from it. Efficient supervision of the affairs of the Union Bank by the President and Directors would have brought the fraud to light within a month—before the bank had lost any money worth mentioning. Their neglect costs the bank $1,300,000. Are there any institutions in this country which are left exclusively to the management of cashiers, and whose ruling authorities are content with a formal appearance of supervision?

We have seen a good many defalcations in American banks, but we never knew of any which ought not to have been foreseen and guarded against. As a general rule, in this country, defalcations are committed by clerks, tellers, and so forth, who fall into extravagant habits, speculate, or live profusely, and naturally defray their expenses out of the moneys which pass through their hands. In nine cases out of ten the expenditures of these defaulters have been for months or years a marvel and a puzzle to their entire acquaintance, save only the officers of the bank which they were robbing. It almost invariably turns up on their trial that every body foresaw the result except the parties directly interested therein. A little care on the part of their employers, a reasonable watchfulness over their habits and acquaintance, would, in nine cases out of ten, have saved all. Had the President of the plundered bank taken the trouble to "keep track" of the defaulter in his private life there would have been no defalcation.

This Union Bank case is different in character; it reminds one of the Schuyler frauds. The Cashier had been many years in the bank, was trusted, and was respected for his industry and ability as a banker. Having won this trust and respect, he was held to be above suspicion—whence the catastrophe. Bankers should learn from the event that, in banking business, no man should be so implicitly trusted as not to be subject to supervision. Presidents must not blindly trust cashiers; directors must not blindly trust presidents; shareholders must not blindly trust directors. Human nature—in speculative communities—should never be exposed to too cruel temptation; the man who will be rigidly honest if he knows he is watched may fall away through weakness when he sees that detection is unlikely. Nor should any bank president rely upon what is stupidly called "a system of checks." The "system of checks" in use at the Union Bank of London is said to have been the most perfect in the world; yet see how thoroughly it was evaded, and for five long years! There never was a "system of checks" which a smart rogue could not evade.

The true plan for bank managers, and the only safe plan, is—first, to know all their employés socially, to see how they live, with whom, at what cost, with what relaxations, and what habits; and, secondly, never to trust any servant of the bank in any thing, but always, at proper intervals, to ascertain by personal inspection the true condition of affairs. A careful observance of these rules would render defalcations impossible.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ANNIVERSARIES.

UNIVERSAL benevolence has had its long week of festival. The annual meeting, mingling, and talking has taken place. Causes of every variety and grade of importance have been heard in their defense, explanation, and glorification. The su-

perfluous steam of feeling which accumulates during the year has been blown off at the safety-valve of an anniversary meeting, with endless speeches. Earl Grey had better reconsider his diatribes. Let him contemplate anew our religious and benevolent character, calculated in hard Federal currency.

It is easy to joke about the speechifying; much easier than it is, by-the-by, to make speeches. For if we have the "gift of the gab" in this country, we are also judges of gab, and we require "a good article." His lordship might perhaps take notice that the parliamentary quality of speaking would not answer our occasions. Public orations in which eloquence is in bad taste are not the orations Yankee Doodle wishes to hear. He prefers his ale of the triple X, and entirely eschews the lighter wines of the Continent.

Therefore during every anniversary week there is a great deal of good, hearty talk, and of the most earnest and stimulating eloquence, in the city of New York. The meetings are not unlike the Eastern caravanserais in which the trader from Aleppo finds himself side by side with the trader from Bagdad, and the Nubian merchant chaffers with a Jew. Each displays and commends his particular wares, and the Bedouin handkerchief contends with the Persian rug. So we have every kind of orator, from every part of the land, and every kind of oration. For it happens that the Bedouin handkerchief is not always wrought with pure gold, and the Persian rug may be sadly threadbare.

The performance of this particular week in the year necessarily makes us think of the value and character of associative effort. When individual action is superseded by the organized co-operation of multitudes, formality and mechanism unquestionably set in. It is the difference between going and helping a needy family yourself and paying a man two shillings to go in your place. Better so, certainly, than that the family should starve. But then when we remember "Little children, love one another!—" The associated effort may be charity and Christianity—doubtless it is; but it is surely an *ex machinâ* charity. And while we do not therefore deny nor depreciate the good it may produce, it might be well to think of the other kind, the individual, and not be satisfied with this, as if it were really the thing. It is not enough to give all your substance even to the Feejee Islanders. The young man did that.

The tendency of the great society for doing good, whatever its name may be, is to obscure the sharp outlines of the Bible story of the young man.

The other point is, that all the discussion helps a general moral and intellectual activity. The heaving of the sea—the blowing of the wind—the more potential voice of man—these are the enemies of material and moral torpidity and death. It is not enough to have a great thought or a grand impulse. You must want to express it. "I thought he was a man of genius until I found that he did not care for an audience," was a very sensible and profound remark. So it is the voice which removes the slide, and allows the light in the heart and brain to shine out and illuminate the world. It is the voice of John the Baptist which announces the celestial coming. It is the voice of Luther which thunders the *mene, mene*, in the halls of the Vatican. It is the voice of Hampden which calls Cromwell, and the Court in Westminster Hall. It is the voice of Patrick Henry, and of James Otis, and of the Sons of Liberty which intones the Declaration of Independence.

In like manner, the eloquent voices, upon a hundred subjects which make up the chorus of the Anniversary week, express the doubts, the dangers, the fears, the hopes, the weakness, and the heroism of the multifarious objects which claim our sympathy. Give us all our talk, and we are satisfied. Every tyrant with a profoundly sagacious instinct stifles the voice; for he knows that the eloquent voice has two ends—one in the heart of the speaker, and the other in that of the hearer.

THE OTHER SIDE.

THE great lesson of experience is that there are two sides to every question, and the great truth of history is that we never learn it. In the smallest and the largest debates we are equally forgetful of it. Here is the case of Mr. Collier, the Shakespearian scholar, which offers the latest illustration. He was a man of advanced life, of unblemished character, of veracity never questioned, and he published some emendations of Shakespeare which he said he had found in an old folio copy that came to his hands by chance. With the enthusiasm of a student he suggested that they might have been contemporary with Shakespeare, and, in a manner, authoritative. There was nothing impossible or improbable in any claim or statement made by Mr. Collier. The folio was old, the writing was there, the emendations, as Mr. White justly said in his "Shakespeare's Scholar," must, in the absence of evidence of authority, be taken for what they were worth. That a man like Mr. Collier, whose only reputation was that of a special scholar, should perpetrate a dull forgery, of a kind which by reiteration has long ago lost its point as a joke and remains only a stupid crime, was too incredible. He had nothing to gain by it. His antecedents offered no justification of it; and the whole proceeding would have argued a sudden paralysis of the moral sense amounting to an insanity.

Still the suspicion was suggested. The reader does not think any more highly of the commentators for that fact. It looked and looks like a personal jealousy. But the vein of suspicion once opened was worked with untiring alacrity, until a charge of utter falsity and the meanest forgery was dug out and flung at Mr. Collier. For the last year or two, in consequence, there has been that deprecatory shaking of heads over him which amounts to a reluctant verdict of guilty upon all the counts. The general conviction has undoubtedly been that Mr. Collier was a literary forger.

And now suddenly the other side flashes into light, and it turns out that he is nothing of the kind. The author of the chief pamphlet against him is suddenly revealed as the especial friend of the superintendent of MSS. in the British Museum, whose appointment Mr. Collier had not favored. The marvelous details of evidence, upon closer investigation, utterly disappear. The character of the ink is satisfactorily explained. The marking over—the differing forms of letters in the pencil and the pen-strokes are cleared up. A gentleman testifies to his knowledge of the folio before Mr. Collier bought it. The charges vanish like smoke, and the much accused and abused commentator appears to be as honest as other men.

The absent are wrong. The ins have the best of it. Possession is nine points of the law. And so every side is fair and every statement conclusive until the other is heard. There are countless losses of good name arising from the strong representation of one side only. Men have the reputation of hardness, meanness, and selfishness often enough merely because they have not been heard. We rarely hear what a man says, for instance, but only what somebody else says he said, or thought he said, or heard he said.

HOW THE BEARER WONDERED WHAT WAS IN THE BASKET.

WHAT *could* be in the basket?
Well might the bearer ask it!
With a sudden look of vague anxiety
At the highly-probable contrariety,
If he lost his hold on that fleeting minute,
That he *never* might know what was in it!

The basket was not of that normal type
(Stout and podgy, with double flaps)
Which we see adorning the black silk laps
Of Yankee females; stuffed to repletion
With a marvelous undescribed concretion
Of "lozengers," southern-wood, prince's-feather,
Apples, and head-gear, crammed together.
This wide-spread basket, made of ratan,
Why, it might have come from Martaban,
Hyder—or Hyderabad, Basket-poor—
Any deceiving and tropical shore.
The cover was—like the inquiries—*checked;*
Only think what that Indian Madras might protect!
As Eastern tales tell us, that cover might hide
A yataghan's fleecy luxuriant pride;
Or, perhaps—there's no giving or taking the odds—
Some ripened kiosks, in their rich, fruity pods.

Was it a baby?
Maybe—
If 'twere a bonnet,
Somebody must have sat down upon it;
It showed such a flattened, low expanse,
There hardly seemed the ghost of a chance
That it *should* be a cat;
Yet, thinking of that,
A horror stole o'er him from head to heel—
A sort of "scunner"—such as we feel
At a loathly, unnatural, fiendish guest
In the guise of the thing we love the best!

What *was* it? Dough-nuts? hard cider? salt fish?
Some well-beloved and national dish?
But it had no smell—it didn't purr—
It didn't crackle—it didn't *stir*.
Perhaps she killed it before she started!
New England women are so cold-hearted!
! ! ! ! ! ! !

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY the time we have been civil to the Japanese Embassadors, and have shown them the great public institutions of the Bellevue rats and Washington Market, his Highness of Wales will be at our doors. It will be a pleasure to him, doubtless, to fraternize with the gentlemen at the City Hall. A gentleman himself—by which all sensible men mean a man of native refinement, of education, and of more or less conventional elegance (although this last quality is usually thought sufficient capital for a gentleman)—he will naturally wish to associate with gentlemen, and he will therefore naturally find his way to the Committee of the Common Council and Aldermen.

Being our representative men, they are the proper hosts of the city's guest. They will show him, in their general deportment and conversation, specimens of the qualities which have endeared the name of American to gentlemen every where in the world. His careful study and observation of them will explain to his princely mind the secret of our triumphant position, which the world so gladly hails and acknowledges. Those qualities of candor, moderation, universal intelligence, personal dignity, and unswerving public virtue, which are justly our chief pride and glory, will beam upon him in full effulgence when he confronts his municipal entertainers.

The result can not but be gratifying. As he pursues his investigations about the city and among its institutions under this distinguished and capable guidance—as he marks on all hands the civic order, neatness, and energy—(especially if, by extreme good chance, an election should occur during his visit)—the streets free from encumbrances, filth, and bad smells, the drainage perfect, the sweeping magically invisible, and every where the signs of civic thrift, integrity, and capacity, he will be profoundly affected. The Queen, indeed, might wisely pause and consider whether, upon his return and future accession, he might not betray lurking symptoms of preference for our happy institutions. For it is clear that, having described to her the beautiful city in which we live, and glowingly depicted the sobriety, wisdom, economy, and dignity with which it is governed, he will argue stoutly for our whole political system.

"For, dear mother," we may hear him saying, in our mind's ear, "a system which infallibly and invariably secures such men and such a government—a system which is so perfectly well understood by the smallest boy in the city—is not to be resisted. It will prevail, and it ought to prevail. For such a spectacle as I have seen not only proves the character of the government, but of the constituency. These honest, sober, economical, intelligent, and dignified men, who spurn a bribe as the prophet spurned wine, before whose faces wrong and wrong-doers shrink and wither away—these men are elected by the citizens; and I therefore gladly assume among them the existence of the same qualities. It is a very happy, noble, generous, and cleanly city. Nobody, though he brought the prejudices of a prince, can entertain any doubt as to its character, and the signal proof it affords of the success of popular institutions, after seeing its government intimately, as I have done."

This is evidently the explanation of Lord Grey's late speech, so full of bitter depreciation of the present American political condition. He is an old, long-headed statesman. He has had plenty of chances of knowing all about us, and he knows that H. R. H. will be immediately fascinated by what he sees of our men and our institutions. Therefore he skillfully tries to prejudice him before he comes. But it will be in vain. When H. R. H. has once been admitted to the secrets of the City Hall, he will understand Lord Grey better than he probably does now.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHILE the Pryor-Potter controversy was going on in Washington a vote of the House was called upon some minor matters. When Mr. Potter's name was called an old Dutch member from Pennsylvania, who never takes up time unless he has something to say to the point, rose in his place and excused Mr. Potter thus: "Mishter Shpeaker, I will shust say ash how Mishter Potter hash a Pryor engagement." Both sides of the House and the galleries united in an uproarious explosion of mirth at the honorable member's sally of wit, and it was only checked to be redoubled, when, after the name of Mr. Pryor was called, the same old Hans arose and said: "Vel, Mishter Spheaker, Mishter Pryor has gone to pe ash clay in te hands of te Potter." For some moments the scene in the House was indescribable, and, for the once, five pound bowie-knives and shotted rifles were at a discount.

Q. Which of the three great novelists of the present day writes most—Lytton, Warren, Dickens?

A. Dickens.

Q. Why?

A. Warren writes "Now and Then," Lytton "Night and Morning," Dickens "All the Year Round."

HOW TO GET OUT OF A DIFFICULTY.—In one of the populous and thriving manufacturing towns near Ashton-under-Lyne one of the volunteer rifle companies recently had a meeting to choose officers. It was known that there were many candidates for the honor, but it was not until the time of election that the exact state of the case was understood. On that occasion a suggestion was made that all the gentlemen desirous of becoming officers should retire during the election, when, to the general astonishment, it was found that only three members of the company were left to proceed with business. The three gentlemen left to do their work, however, did not flinch from their duty, and those who had retired were in due time summoned back to the meeting. They were then informed that the meeting had felt great difficulty about the selection, because the claims of all who had left the room were so conspicuous it seemed invidious to take one in preference to another. Under these circumstances the meeting had adopted the most obvious and satisfactory way of escaping the difficulty by electing themselves to fill the three vacant posts.

A wealthy but eccentric English nobleman advertised for a servant. A candidate called, and, making known his business, was shown up to his lordship. Among the duties which "Flunkey" said he could include as his, was blacking his lordship's boots.

"Oh, never mind *that*," said the "dry" old nobleman, "I always black my own boots—always. But how much wages do you expect?"

"Sixty guineas a year, my lord," replied Flunkey.

"Sixty guineas!" exclaimed his lordship, with consternation; "sixty *guineas!* Make it *seventy*, and *I'll come and live with you!*"

MUMBO JUMBO.

MUMBO JUMBO was a Guy,
Frightened people formerly,
Now they think him all my eye,
And laugh at Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo did prevail,
With his horns and with his tail,
Now they turn no mortal pale:
A fig for Mumbo Jumbo!

Now, through Mumbo Jumbo's hide,
Straw within can be descried;
Mumbo Jumbo is defied—
Despised is Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo once could roar,
Shaking Europe's farthest shore,
But the nations heed no more
The voice of Mumbo Jumbo.

Gently as the sucking dove,
Cooing in the key of love,
Scarcely heard his breath above,
Bellows Mumbo Jumbo.

Mumbo Jumbo sinking names,
Belches much more smoke than flames
At contemners of his claims;
Exploded Mumbo Jumbo!

Mumbo Jumbo sits on thorns,
None but ninnies kiss his corns;
Let him then draw in his horns:
Good-night to Mumbo Jumbo!

A GRATUITOUS TRUTH.—What Sheridan said of wine may be applied to joking—the best to enjoy is that which you crack at another person's expense.

THE LOST ROMAGNA.—Evil excommunications won't restore my good manors.—*Pio IX.*

In Paris the gallery of the theatre is called Paradise. The Duchess of Orleans took a fancy to go to the play one night with only a *fille de chambre*, and sit there. A young officer sat next her, was very free in his addresses, and when the play was over, concluded by offering her a supper, which she seemed to accept. He accompanied her down stairs, but was confounded when he saw her attendants and equipage, and her name. Recovering, however, his presence of mind, he handed her into the carriage, bowed in silence, and was retiring, when she called out, "Where is the supper you promised?" He bowed, and replied, "In Paradise we are all equals; but I am not insensible of the respect I owe you, madame, on earth." This prompt and proper reply obtained for him a place in the Duchess's carriage, and at her table.

"DOING."—Here is a rhymed "modern instance" of an "old saw:"

'Tis a very ancient saying,
Time till now has proved it true:
"Do unto all your neighbors
As you would have them do to you."

But another saying now prevails,
Of an entirely different hue:
"Be sure and do your neighbors,
Or they'll certainly do you."

An artificial florist lately described himself as "*hand* gardener to the ladies."

A WORD TO THE WISE.

Love hailed a little maid,
Romping through the meadow;
Heedless in the sun she played,
Scornful of the shadow.
"Come with me," whispered he:
"Listen, sweet, to love and reason."
"By-and-by," she mused reply—
"Love's not in season."

Years went, years came;
Light mixed with shadow;
Love met the maid again,
Dreaming through the meadow.
"Not so coy," urged the boy;
"List in time to love and reason."
"By-and-by," she mused reply—
"Love's still in season."

Years went, years came;
Light changed to shadow;
Love met the maid again,
Waiting in the meadow.
"Pass no more; my dream is o'er;
I can listen now to reason."
"Keep thee coy," mocked the boy—
"Love's out of season."

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

A Poet says that the wind kisses the waves. That, we suppose, is the celebrated "kiss for a blow" about which we have heard so much.

"So far, so good," as the boy said when he finished the first pot of his mother's jam."

Why is a tooth drawn like a thing forgotten?—It is out of the head.

There is a kind of fortune called ill-luck; so ill that you hope it will die—but it doesn't.

The girl who succeeds in winning the true love of a true man makes a lucky *hit*, and is herself a lucky *miss*.

A Mr. Lyon declined fighting a duel, and was called a dog for it. "Ah! you may call me a dog; but a live dog is better than a dead Lyon."

The shape of a kiss is said to be elliptical. This must be derived from the sensation one experiences when enjoying the luxury, for it is certainly *a lip tickle*.

"Why did you leave your last place?" inquired a young housekeeper, about to engage a new servant. "Why, you see, ma'am," replied the applicant, "I was too good-looking; and when I opened the door folks took me for the missus."

"I found," said Mark, "my nymph alone;
I knelt, and poured out earnest prayer,
Condemn me not through life to groan,
Consign me not to fell despair.
I sighed—she wept—I kissed her tears,
And, bless me! how she boxed my ears!"

ALCOHOLIC TEST.—A red nose.

GROUND RENTS.—The effects of an earthquake.

A SPIRITUAL INQUIRY.—Is it likely that ghosts talk in the dead languages?

HOW MR. GOTTLIEB BROKE HIS PONY.—"Chon, you reckermemper dat liddle plack bony I pyed mit the bedler next veek?" "Yah, vot of him?" "Notings, only I gits sheated burdy pad." "So?" "Yah. You see, in de vurst blace, he is plint mit bote legs, unt ferry lame mit one eye. Den, ven you gits on him to rite, he rares up behind unt kicks up pefore so vurser as a chackmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesdertay, unt so sooner I gits straddle his pack he gommence dat vay, shust so like a vakin peam on a poatsteam; unt ven he gits tone, I was so mixed up mit efery dinks, I vints minezelf zittin arount packvards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de pridle." "Well, vot you going to do mit him?" "Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I hitch him in te cart mit his dail vere his heat out to pe; den I gife him apout so a tozen cuts mit a hitecow; he starts to go, put so soon he see te cart pefore him he makes packvards. Burdy soon he stumbles pehind, unt sit town on his hanches, unt looks like he veel burty shamed mit himzelf. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite off shust so goot as any pody's bony."

AN ARTISTIC THIEF.—The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gortschakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. Crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He has a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the prince. "True enough," replied the latter; "my best sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen! Do you suspect by whom?" "Oh yes, one of my messengers. He took to imitating me in my love for art, and the rascal helped himself out of my album." "But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?" "Oh dear, no! The puppy showed such good taste in the selections he made I could not think of having him arrested."

LADIES AND FLOWERS.—"Red cheeks are only oxygen in another shape. Girls anxious to wear a pair will find them where the roses do—out of doors." "Will they, indeed!" remarked Miss Josephine Hoops, as she laid down the number of the paper containing the extract. "Well, if doing as the roses do will help a lady to color, one might as well never get up at all; for I'm certain sure that the flowers stay in their beds all the day. Now, if I'm ever metamorphosed into any thing horticultural, I hope it will be into a camelia; they are the only vegetables that ever get a chance to go to the Opera—gracious goodness!"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT.—A gentleman who had put aside two bottles of capital ale to recreate some friends discovered, just before dinner, that his servant, a country bumpkin, had emptied them both. "Scoundrel!" said his master, "what do you mean by this?" "Why, Sir, I saw plain enough by the clouds that it were going to thunder, so I drank up the yale at once, lest it should turn sour; for there's nothing I do abominate like waste."

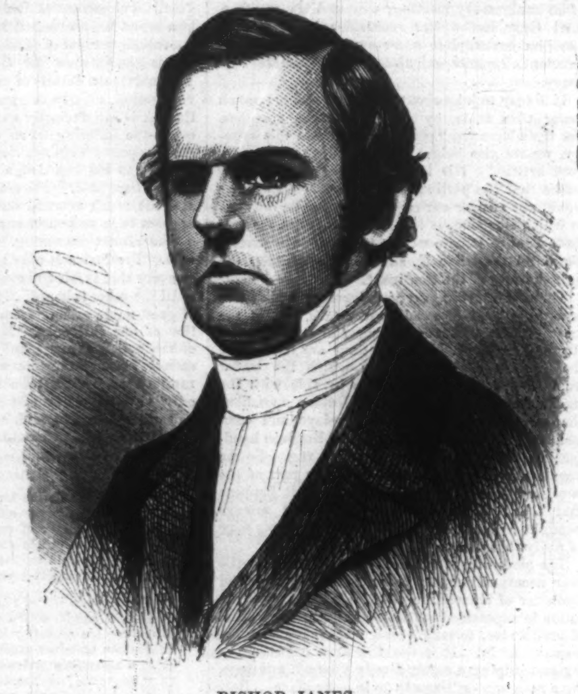
SMUGGLED TALENTS.—A Scotch nobleman, of no bright parts, chatting once with the Duchess of Devonshire, she asked how it happened that the Scots in general made a much better figure from home than in Scotland. "Oh," says he, "nothing is so easily accounted for. For the honor of the nation persons are stationed at every egress to see that none leave the country but men of abilities." "Then," answered she, "I suspect your lordship was *smuggled*."

A man called upon a lawyer, the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice; I'm a husband-in-law!" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, Sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-*law*, Sir, but not in *fact*, Sir—my wife's run off."

A military officer, one day, while reviewing his company, happened to be thrown from his horse, and, as he lay sprawling on the ground, said to a friend who ran to his assistance, "I thought I had improved in horsemanship, but I find *I have fallen off*."

BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

BISHOP MORRIS.



BISHOP JANES.

THE Quadrennial or General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose session is now being held in Buffalo, New York, represents one of the largest and most successful Protestant denominations in the New World. We submit to our readers the portraits of its bishops, who preside in succession over the assembly.

BISHOP MORRIS.

Dr. Morris is senior Bishop of the denomination. He is a native of Virginia, and is now about sixty-six years old. He joined the Methodist Church in his twentieth year, and began his ministerial travels in the Ohio Conference in 1816. He was a laborious and successful itinerant in several of the Western States for nearly twenty years, enduring all the privations and encountering many of the romantic adventures which were incident to the early Methodist ministry in the West. He tells many a capital story of that heroic age of his people, and no man can tell them better than the good Bishop, for, though supposed to be characteristically taciturn, he has a rare but quiet humor, which flows exhaustlessly on befitting occasions. In 1834 he was appointed editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, at Cincinnati. In 1836 he was ordained a Bishop. He is a man of few words but thorough sense, presides with a complete mastery of his duties, preaches sermons remarkable for their brevity, terseness, and unction, and is considered to be a man of almost infallible safety as a counselor. He is small in stature, noticeably rotund, and presents a physiognomy grave without severity, calm without stolidity. He is the author of a successful volume of sermons—a rare fact in this day; some 16,000 volumes have been sold. A volume of "Miscellanies" has also been contributed by his pen to the growing literature of his Church. His writings are distinguished by real ability, good sense, apt illustrations, and a style of rare condensation, vigor, and simplicity.

BISHOP JANES.

Dr. Janes is well known to the American public, especially in this section of the country; for a more energetic and devoted man is not to be found in the ecclesiastical ranks of the nation. Small in person, not robust in health, but really an invalid most of his public life, and with a voice of almost feminine weakness, he has nevertheless traveled, preached, made speeches, and managed the great interests of his denomination with such unrelaxing assiduity, eloquence, and good sense that a more effective representative of Methodism is not to be found among all its hosts; nor has he been surpassed, in these respects, since the veteran Asbury's day.

He was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, April 27, 1807. He entered the ministry in the Philadelphia Conference in 1830. After ten years of indefatigable labors he was elected one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society in 1840. His activity in this office was extraordinary, and his extensive travels, as an advocate of the society, brought him into general acquaintance with the Christian public throughout the country. He is master of his position as a bishop, to which dignity he was promoted in 1844. During the sixteen years since his election he has traversed the nation continually. As a preacher, he is, in spite of physical disabilities, not only eloquent, but powerful, simple in style, methodical in arrangement, lucid in illustration, and pungent in exhortation. He is always ready and successful as a platform speaker. He has the reputation of uncommon talents as a manager of the great financial, educational, and kindred affairs of his Church. The Roman hierarchy would, in fine, be proud of a man of such capabilities.

BISHOP SCOTT.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

BISHOP SCOTT.

Dr. Scott was born at Cantwell's Bridge, Newcastle, Delaware, October 11, 1802, and is therefore nearly fifty-eight years old. He entered the Methodist ministry, in the Philadelphia Conference, in the year 1826, and occupied "circuits" in Delaware and Maryland, and "stations" in Philadelphia, down to the year 1840, when he was appointed Principal of Dickinson Grammar School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. His successful self-education procured him the titles of A.M. and D.D. He has been a member of every General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church since 1832. On leaving Carlisle he resumed his pastoral labors in Philadelphia. In 1848 he was elected book agent to the Methodist Book Concern in this city, where he continued till 1852, when he was chosen Bishop by the largest ballot given for the four candidates then elected. He is tall and slight in person; his hair is "sandy;" his eyes blue, nose large and well formed, mouth chiseled to an expression of much refinement. Moral and mental refinement is indeed the characteristic of his physiognomy. He presides with quiet dignity, dispatches business rapidly but without hurry, commands universal deference by his amiable Christian character, and preaches always with interest and profit to his audience, but with no pretentious ability. He appears enfeebled by chronic disease, and age begins to mark his face and mien.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

Bishop Simpson was born in Cadiz, Ohio, June 21, 1810. He has always been an example of Western energy; of a strenuous physique, bold but cautious intellect, indefatigable labors, and great popular success. He mastered the German language before he was nine years old, and, later, the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French, besides a thorough course of mathematics. He graduated at Madison College, where he received the instructions of Drs. Bascom and Elliott. About 1833 he abandoned the profession of Medicine, for which he had been licensed, and began his career as a Methodist preacher on West Wheeling Circuit, Virginia. After four years of pastoral labor

BISHOP AMES.

BISHOP BAKER.

he was appointed Professor of Natural Science in Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, and in 1839 was elected President of Indiana Asbury University, whence he removed in 1848 to Cincinnati to take editorial charge of the *Western Christian Advocate.* In 1852 he was elected bishop. Personally, Dr. Simpson is not imposing; he stoops somewhat; his face is a small, sharp triangle; his forehead a *cap*-ital refutation of phrenology; his voice harsh and badly managed; his action in the pulpit defective and even awkward; but as a public speaker few men in his church equal him, and none surpass him. His energetic and versatile intellect warms as he proceeds, till it blazes, and throws an irresistible spell over his large audiences. He shows mastery in every thing he attempts, and is now recognized as one of the "strongest" men of his denomination. His late visit to England produced a sensation through the ranks of British Methodism.

BISHOP AMES.

Dr. Ames is a native of Athens, Ohio, and was born May 20, 1806. He studied at the Ohio University; was tutor in M'Kendree College, Illinois, in 1828 and 1829; was sent out to preach by the famous Peter Cartwright in 1830. "Uncle Peter," it is said, would always "make or break" his young "itinerants." He effectually made Dr. Ames. In 1830 he was chosen Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and traveled in that capacity more than 25,000 miles the ensuing four years. In 1852 he was elected bishop. He has a noble "personal presence," calm but strong features, a remarkably clear head, is a capital parliamentarian, is always self-possessed, and renders it difficult for his conferences to get into a "flurry," however exciting the subject in debate. A species of quiet magnetism seems to emanate from him and pervade the assembly; stentorian disputants find it strangely difficult to get "into liberty" under his presidency, but business proceeds rapidly and safely. He is considered one of the most capable of ecclesiastical managers, and competent to have taken rank as a first-rate statesman. As a preacher he is always instructive, practical, and effective. The "repose" which usually characterizes genuinely great men is obvious in all his acts, and gives a quiet dignity to his features and his whole bearing.

BISHOP BAKER.

Dr. Baker is the junior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in Marlow, New Hampshire, in 1812, and was educated by the late Dr. Wilbur Fisk, at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, and the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. The venerable Laban Clark licensed him to preach in 1830. In 1834 he became a teacher in the Methodist Academy at Newbury, Vermont, and, in 1839, was chosen its Principal. In 1844 he began his "itinerant" labors, and in 1847 was appointed Professor in the Methodist General Biblical Institute at Concord, New Hampshire, whence he was called to the Episcopate in 1852. Bishop Baker is stout almost to corpulency; his complexion blooms with health; his features express great modesty and amiability—his head is large, his eyes of hazel color, his mouth generous. In the pulpit he is always interesting without being remarkable. Both his intellect and his character are marked chiefly by an exact balance of qualities. He is considered a thorough legalist in church questions, and one of his works is among the recognized standards of Methodist legal interpretation. He is, we believe, the only man besides Bishop Morris, among the present Methodist Bishops, who has appeared as an author.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NARRATIVE CONCLUDED.

Miss Halcombe had never left Blackwater Park!

When I heard those words all my thoughts were startled back on the instant to my parting with Lady Glyde. I can hardly say I reproached myself; but at that moment I think I would have given many a year's hard savings to have known four hours earlier what I knew now.

Mrs. Rubelle waited, quietly arranging her nosegay, as if she expected me to say something.

I could say nothing. I thought of Lady Glyde's worn-out energies and weakly health; and I trembled for the time when the shock of the discovery that I had made would fall on her. For a minute or more my fears for the poor lady silenced me. At the end of that time Mrs. Rubelle looked up sideways from her flowers, and said, "Here is Sir Percival, ma'am, returned from his ride."

I saw him as soon as she did. He came toward us, slashing viciously at the flowers with his riding-whip. When he was near enough to see my face he stopped, struck at his boot with the whip, and burst out laughing, so harshly and so violently that the birds flew away, startled, from the tree by which he stood.

"Well, Mrs. Michelson," he said, "you have found it out at last—have you?"

I made no reply. He turned to Mrs. Rubelle.

"When did you show yourself in the garden?"

"I showed myself about half an hour ago, Sir. You said I might take my liberty again as soon as Lady Glyde had gone away to London."

"Quite right. I don't blame you—I only asked the question." He waited a moment, and then addressed himself once more to me. "You can't believe it, can you?" he said, mockingly. "Here! come along and see for yourself."

He led the way round to the front of the house. I followed him, and Mrs. Rubelle followed me. After passing through the iron gates he stopped, and pointed with his whip to the disused middle wing of the building.

"There!" he said. "Look up at the first floor. You know the old Elizabethan bedrooms? Miss Halcombe is snug and safe in one of the best of them at this moment. Take her in, Mrs. Rubelle (you have got your key?); take Mrs. Michelson in, and let her own eyes satisfy her that there is no deception this time."

The tone in which he spoke to me, and the minute or two that had passed since we left the garden, helped me to recover my spirits a little. What I might have done at this critical moment, if all my life had been passed in service, I can not say. As it was, possessing the feelings, the principles, and the bringing-up of a lady, I could not hesitate about the right course to pursue. My duty to myself and my duty to Lady Glyde alike forbade me to remain in the employment of a man who had shamefully deceived us both by a series of atrocious falsehoods.

"I must beg permission, Sir Percival, to speak a few words to you in private," I said. "Having done so, I shall be ready to proceed with this person to Miss Halcombe's room."

Mrs. Rubelle, whom I had indicated by a slight turn of my head, insolently sniffed at her nosegay, and walked away, with great deliberation, toward the house-door.

"Well!" said Sir Percival, sharply, "what is it now?"

"I wish to mention, Sir, that I am desirous of resigning the situation I now hold at Blackwater Park." That was literally how I put it. I was resolved that the first words spoken in his presence should be words which expressed my intention to leave his service.

He eyed me with one of his blackest looks, and thrust his hands savagely into the pockets of his riding-coat.

"Why?" he said; "why, I should like to know?"

"It is not for me, Sir Percival, to express an opinion on what has taken place in this house. I desire to give no offense. I merely wish to say that I do not feel it consistent with my duty to Lady Glyde and to myself to remain any longer in your service."

"Is it consistent with your duty to *me* to stand there casting suspicion on me to my face?" he broke out, in his most violent manner. "I see what you're driving at. You have taken your own mean, underhand view of an innocent deception practiced on Lady Glyde for her own good. It was essential to her health that she should have a change of air immediately—and, you know as well as I do, she would never have gone away if she had known Miss Halcombe was still left here. She has been deceived in her own interests—and I don't care who knows it. Go, if you like—there are plenty of housekeepers as good as you to be had for the asking. Go when you please—but take care how you spread scandals about me and my affairs when you're out of my service. Tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, or it will be the worse for you! See Miss Halcombe for yourself; see if she hasn't been as well taken care of in one part of the house as in the other. Remember the Doctor's own orders that Lady Glyde was to have a change of air at the earliest possible opportunity. Bear all that well in mind—and then say any thing against me and my proceedings if you dare!"

He poured out these words fiercely, all in a breath, walking backward and forward, and striking about him in the air with his whip.

Nothing that he said or did shook my opinion of the disgraceful series of falsehoods that he had told in my presence the day before; or of the cruel deception by which he had separated Lady Glyde from her sister, and had sent her uselessly to London, when she was half distracted with anxiety on Miss Halcombe's account. I naturally kept these thoughts to myself, and said nothing more to irritate him; but I was not the less resolved to persist in my purpose. A soft answer turneth away wrath; and I suppressed my own feelings accordingly, when it was my turn to reply.

"While I am in your service, Sir Percival," I said, "I hope I know my duty well enough not to inquire into your motives. When I am out of your service, I hope I know my own place well enough not to speak of matters which don't concern me—"

"When do you want to go?" he asked, interrupting me without ceremony. "Don't suppose I am anxious to keep you—don't suppose I care about your leaving the house. I am perfectly fair and open in this matter, from first to last. When do you want to go?"

"I should wish to leave at your earliest convenience, Sir Percival."

"My convenience has nothing to do with it. I shall be out of the house, for good and all, to-morrow morning; and I can settle your accounts to-night. If you want to study any body's convenience, it had better be Miss Halcombe's. Mrs. Rubelle's time is up to-day; and she has reasons for wishing to be in London to-night. If you go at once Miss Halcombe won't have a soul left here to look after her."

"LAURA, LADY GLYDE, WAS STANDING BY THE INSCRIPTION, AND WAS LOOKING AT ME OVER THE GRAVE."

I hope it is unnecessary for me to say that I was quite incapable of deserting Miss Halcombe in such an emergency as had now befallen Lady Glyde and herself. After first distinctly ascertaining from Sir Percival that Mrs. Rubelle was certain to leave at once if I took her place, and after also obtaining permission to arrange for Mr. Dawson's resuming his attendance on his patient, I willingly consented to remain at Blackwater Park until Miss Halcombe no longer required my services. It was settled that I should give Sir Percival's solicitor a week's notice before I left; and that he was to undertake the necessary arrangements for appointing my successor. The matter was discussed in very few words. At its conclusion Sir Percival abruptly turned on his heel, and left me free to join Mrs. Rubelle. That singular foreign person had been sitting composedly on the door-step all this time, waiting till I could follow her to Miss Halcombe's room.

I had hardly walked half-way toward the house when Sir Percival, who had withdrawn in the opposite direction, suddenly stopped and called me back.

"Why are you leaving my service?" he asked.

The question was so extraordinary, after what had just passed between us, that I hardly knew what to say in answer to it.

"Mind! *I* don't know why you are going," he went on. "You must give a reason for leaving me, I suppose, when you get another situation. What reason? The breaking-up of the family? Is that it?"

"There can be no positive objection, Sir Percival, to that reason—"

"Very well! That's all I want to know. If people apply for your character, that's your reason, stated by yourself. You go in consequence of the breaking-up of the family."

He turned away again before I could say another word, and walked out rapidly into the grounds. His manner was as strange as his language. I acknowledge he alarmed me.

Even the patience of Mrs. Rubelle was getting exhausted when I joined her at the house door.

"At last!" she said, with a shrug of her lean foreign shoulders. She led the way into the inhabited side of the house, ascended the stairs, and opened with her key the door at the end of the passage, which communicated with the old Elizabethan rooms—a door never previously used, in my time, at Blackwater Park. The rooms themselves I knew well, having entered them myself, on various occasions, from the other side of the house. Mrs. Rubelle stopped at the third door along the old gallery, handed me the key of it, with the key of the door of communication, and told me I should find Miss Halcombe in that room. Before I went in I thought it desirable to make her understand that her attendance had ceased. Accordingly, I told her in plain words that the charge of the sick lady henceforth devolved entirely on myself.

"I am glad to hear it, ma'am," said Mrs. Rubelle. "I want to go very much."

"Do you leave to-day?" I asked, to make sure of her.

"Now that you have taken the charge, ma'am, I leave in half an hour's time. Sir Percival has kindly placed at my disposition the gardener and the chaise whenever I want them. I shall want them in half an hour's time to go to the station. I am packed up, in anticipation, already. I wish you good-day, ma'am."

She dropped a brisk courtesy, and walked back along the [illegible] humming a little tune, and keeping time to it cheerfully with the nosegay in her hand. I am sincerely thankful to say that was the last I saw of Mrs. Rubelle.

When I went into the room Miss Halcombe was asleep. I looked at her anxiously as she lay in the dismal, high, old-fashioned bed. She was certainly not in any respect altered for the worse since I had seen her last. She had not been neglected, I am bound to admit, in any way that I could perceive. The room was dreary, and dusty, and dark; but the window (looking on a solitary court-yard at the back of the house) was opened to let in the fresh air, and all that could be done to make the place comfortable had been done. The whole cruelty of Sir Percival's deception had fallen on poor Lady Glyde. The only ill-usage which either he or Mrs. Rubelle had inflicted on Miss Halcombe consisted, so far as I could see, in the first offense of hiding her away.

I stole back, leaving the sick lady still peacefully asleep, to give the gardener instructions about bringing the Doctor. I begged the man, after he had taken Mrs. Rubelle to the station, to drive round by Mr. Dawson's and leave a message, in my name, asking him to call and see me. I knew he would come on my account, and I knew he would remain when he found Count Fosco had left the house.

In due course of time the gardener returned, and said that he had driven round by Mr. Dawson's residence after leaving Mrs. Rubelle at the station. The Doctor sent me word that he was poorly in health himself, but that he would call, if possible, the next morning.

Having delivered his message the gardener was about to withdraw, but I stopped him to request that he would come back before dark, and sit up that night in one of the empty bedrooms, so as to be within call in case I wanted him. He understood readily enough my unwillingness to be left alone all night in the most desolate part of that desolate house, and we arranged that he should come in between eight and nine. He came punctually; and I found cause to be thankful that I had adopted the precaution of calling him in. Before midnight Sir Percival's strange temper broke out in the most violent and most alarming manner; and if the gardener had not been on the spot to pacify him on the instant, I am afraid to think what might have happened.

Almost all the afternoon and evening he had been walking about the house and grounds in an unsettled, excitable manner; having, in all probability, as I thought, taken an excessive quantity of wine at his solitary dinner. However that may be, I heard his voice calling loudly and angrily in the new wing of the house as I was taking a turn backward and forward along the gallery the last thing at night. The gardener immediately ran down to him; and I closed the door of communication, to keep the alarm, if possible, from reaching Miss Halcombe's ears. It was full half an hour before the gardener came back. He declared that his master was quite out of his senses—not through the excitement of drink, as I had supposed, but through a kind of panic or frenzy of mind for which it was impossible to account. He had found Sir Percival walking backward and forward by himself in the hall, swearing, with every appearance of the most violent passion, that he would not stop another minute alone in such a dungeon as his own house, and that he would take the first stage of his journey immediately, in the middle of the night. The gardener, on approaching him, had been hunted out, with oaths and threats, to get the horse and chaise ready instantly. In a quarter of an hour Sir Percival had joined him in the yard, had jumped into the chaise, and, lashing the horse into a gallop, had driven himself away with his face as pale as ashes in the moonlight. The gar-

dener had heard him shouting and cursing at the lodge-keeper to get up and open the gate—had heard the wheels roll furiously on again, in the still night, when the gate was unlocked—and knew no more.

The next day, or a day or two after, I forget which, the chaise was brought back from Knowlesbury, our nearest town, by the hostler at the old inn. Sir Percival had stopped there, and had afterward left by the train—for what destination the man could not tell. I never received any further information, either from himself, or from any one else, of Sir Percival's proceedings; and I am not even aware, at this moment, whether he is in England or out of it. He and I have not met since he drove away, like an escaped criminal, from his own house; and it is my fervent hope and prayer that we may never meet again.

My own part of this sad family story is now drawing to an end.

I have been informed that the particulars of Miss Halcombe's waking, and of what passed between us when she found me sitting by her bedside, are not material to the purpose which is to be answered by the present narrative. It will be sufficient for me to say, in this place, that she was not herself conscious of the means adopted to remove her from the inhabited to the uninhabited part of the house. She was in a deep sleep at the time, whether naturally or artificially produced she could not say. In my absence at Torquay, and in the absence of all the resident servants, except Margaret Porcher (who was perpetually eating, drinking, or sleeping when she was not at work), the secret transfer of Miss Halcombe from one part of the house to the other was no doubt easily performed. Mrs. Rubelle (as I discovered for myself in looking about the room) had provisions and all other necessaries, together with the means of heating water, broth, and so on, without kindling a fire, placed at her disposal during the few days of her imprisonment with the sick lady. She had declined to answer the questions which Miss Halcombe naturally put; but had not, in other respects, treated her with unkindness or neglect. The disgrace of lending herself to a vile deception is the only disgrace with which I can conscientiously charge Mrs. Rubelle.

I need write no particulars (and I am relieved to know it) of the effect produced on Miss Halcombe by the news of Lady Glyde's departure, or by the far more melancholy tidings which reached us only too soon afterward at Blackwater Park. In both cases I prepared her mind beforehand as gently and as carefully as possible; having the Doctor's advice to guide me in the last case only, through Mr. Dawson's being too unwell to come to the house for some days after I had sent for him. It was a sad time, a time which it afflicts me to think of or to write of now. The precious blessings of religious consolation which I endeavored to convey were long in reaching Miss Halcombe's heart; but I hope and believe they came home to her at last. I never left her till her strength was restored. The train which took me away from that miserable house was the train which took her away also. We parted very mournfully in London. I remained with a relative at Islington, and she went on to Mr. Fairlie's house in Cumberland.

I have only a few lines more to write before I close this painful statement. They are dictated by a sense of duty.

In the first place, I wish to record my own personal conviction that no blame whatever, in connection with the events which I have now related, attaches to Count Fosco. I am informed that a dreadful suspicion has been raised, and that some very serious constructions are placed upon his lordship's conduct. My persuasion of the Count's innocence remains, however, quite unshaken. If he assisted Sir Percival in sending me to Torquay, he assisted under a delusion, for which, as a foreigner and a stranger, he was not to blame. If he was concerned in bringing Mrs. Rubelle to Blackwater Park, it was his misfortune and not his fault when that foreign person was base enough to assist a deception planned and carried out by the master of the house. I protest, in the interests of morality, against blame being gratuitously and wantonly attached to the proceedings of the Count.

In the second place, I desire to express my regret at my own inability to remember the precise day on which Lady Glyde left Blackwater Park for London. I am told that it is of the last importance to ascertain the exact date of that lamentable journey; and I have anxiously taxed my memory to recall it. The effort has been in vain. I can only remember now that it was toward the latter part of July. We all know the difficulty after a lapse of time of fixing precisely on a past date unless it has been previously written down. That difficulty is greatly increased in my case by the alarming and confusing events which took place about the period of Lady Glyde's departure. I heartily wish I had made a memorandum at the time. I heartily wish my memory of the date was as vivid as my memory of that poor lady's face when it looked at me sorrowfully for the last time from the carriage window.

THE NARRATIVE OF HESTER PINHORN, COOK IN THE SERVICE OF COUNT FOSCO.

[TAKEN DOWN FROM HER OWN STATEMENT.]

I AM sorry to say that I have never learned to read or write. I have been a hard-working woman all my life and have kept a good character. I know that it is a sin and wickedness to say the thing which is not; and I will truly beware of doing so on this occasion. All that I know I will tell; and I humbly beg the gentleman who takes this down to put my language right as he goes on, and to make allowances for my being no scholar.

In this last summer I happened to be out of place (through no fault of my own), and I heard of a situation, as plain cook, at Number Five, Forest Road, St. John's Wood. I took the place on trial. My master's name was Fosco. My mistress was an English lady. He was Count and she was Countess. They had a girl to do house-maid's work when I got there. She was not over clean or tidy—but there was no harm in her. I and she were the only servants in the house.

I had not been very long in my new place when the house-maid came down stairs and said company was expected from the country. The company was my mistress's niece, and the back bedroom on the first floor was got ready for her. My mistress mentioned to me that Lady Glyde (that was her name) was in poor health, and that I must be particular in my cooking accordingly. She was to come the next day, or it might be the day after, or it might be even longer than that. I am sorry to say it's no use asking me about days of the month and suchlike. Except Sundays, half my time I take no heed of them, being a hard-working woman and no scholar. All I know is, it certainly was not long before Lady Glyde came, and, when she did come, a fine fright she gave us all surely. I don't know how master brought her to the house, being at work at the time. But he did bring her in the afternoon, I think; and the house-maid opened the door to them and showed them into the parlor. Before she had been long down in the kitchen again with me we heard a hurry-skurry up stairs, and the bell ringing like mad and my mistress's voice calling out for help.

We both ran up, and there we saw the lady laid on the sofa, with her face ghastly white, and her hands fast clenched, and her head drawn down to one side. She had been taken wlth a sudden fright, my mistress said; and master he told us she was in a fit of convulsions. I ran out, knowing the neighborhood a little better than the rest of them, to fetch the nearest doctor's help. The nearest help was at Goodricke's and Garth's, who worked together as partners, and had a good name and connection, as I have heard, all round St. John's Wood. Mr. Goodricke was in, and he came back with me directly.

It was some time before he could make himself of much use. The poor unfortunate lady fell out of one fit into another—and went on so till she was quite wearied out, and as helpless as a new-born babe. We then got her to bed. Mr. Goodricke went away to his house for medicine and came back again in a quarter of an hour or less. Besides the medicine he brought a bit of hollow mahogany wood with him shaped like a kind of trumpet, and, after waiting a little while, he put one end over the lady's heart and the other to his ear, and listened carefully. When he had done he says to my mistress, who was in the room, "This is a very serious case," he says; "I recommend you to write to Lady Glyde's friends directly." My mistress says to him, "Is it heart-disease?" And he says "Yes; heart-disease of a most dangerous kind." He told her exactly what he thought was the matter, which I was not clever enough to understand. But I know this, he ended by saying that he was afraid neither his help nor any other doctor's help was likely to be of much service.

My mistress took this ill news more quietly than my master. He was a big, fat, odd sort of elderly man, who kept birds and white mice, and spoke to them as if they were so many Christian children. He seemed terribly cut up by what had happened. "Ah! poor Lady Glyde! poor dear Lady Glyde!" he says, and went stalking about, wringing his fat hands more like a play-actor than a gentleman. For one question my mistress asked the doctor about the lady's chances of getting round he asked a good fifty at least. I declare he quite tormented us all—and, when he was quiet at last, out he went into the bit of back garden, picking trumpery little nosegays, and asking me to take them up stairs and make the sick room look pretty with them. As if *that* did any good! I think he must have been, at times, a little soft in his head. But he was not a bad master: he had a monstrous civil tongue of his own, and a jolly, easy, coaxing way with him. I liked him a deal better than my mistress. She was a hard one, if ever there was a hard one yet.

Toward night-time the lady roused up a little. She had been so wearied out, before that, by the convulsions, that she never stirred hand or foot, or spoke a word to any body. She moved in the bed now, and stared about her at the room and us in it. She must have been a nice-looking lady, when well, with light hair, and blue eyes, and all that. Her rest was troubled at night—at least, so I heard from my mistress, who sat up alone with her. I only went in once before going to bed, to see if I could be of any use; and then she was talking to herself in a confused, rambling manner. She seemed to want sadly to speak to somebody who was absent from her somewhere. I couldn't catch the name the first time; and the second time master knocked at the door, with his regular mouthful of questions, and another of his trumpery nosegays. When I went in early the next morning the lady was clean worn out again, and lay in a kind of faint sleep. Mr. Goodricke brought his partner, Mr. Garth, with him to advise. They said she must not be disturbed out of her rest on any account. They asked my mistress a many questions, at the other end of the room, about what the lady's health had been in past times, and who had attended her, and whether she had ever suffered much, and long together, under distress of mind. I remember my mistress said "Yes" to that last question. And Mr. Goodricke looked at Mr. Garth and shook his head, and Mr. Garth looked at Mr. Goodricke and shook his head. They seemed to think that the distress might have something to do with the mischief at the lady's heart. She was but a frail thing to look at, poor creature! Very little strength, at any time, I should say—very little strength.

Later on the same morning, when she woke, the lady took a sudden turn, and got, seemingly, a great deal better. I was not let in again to see her, no more was the house-maid, for the reason that she was not to be disturbed by strangers. What I heard of her being better was through my master. He was in wonderful good spirits about the change, and looked in at the kitchen window from the garden, with his great big curly-brimmed white hat on, to go out. "Good Mrs. Cook," says he, "Lady Glyde is better. My mind is more easy than it was; and I am going out to stretch my big legs with a sunny little summer walk. Shall I order for you, shall I market for you, Mrs. Cook? What are you making there? A nice tart for dinner? Much crust, if you please—much crisp crust, my dear, that melts and crumbles delicious in the mouth." That was his way. He was past sixty, and fond of pastry. Just think of that!

The doctor came again in the forenoon, and saw for himself that Lady Glyde had woke up better. He forbid us to talk to her, or to let her talk to us, in case she was that way disposed, saying she must be kept quiet before all things, and encouraged to sleep as much as possible. She did not seem to want to talk whenever I saw her—except overnight, when I couldn't make out what she was saying—she seemed too much worn down. Mr. Goodricke was not nearly in such good spirits about her as master. He said nothing when he came down stairs except that he would call again at five o'clock. About that time (which was before master came home again) the bell rang hard from the bedroom, and my mistress ran out into the landing, and called to me to go for Mr. Goodricke, and tell him the lady had fainted. I got on my bonnet and shawl when, as good luck would have it, the doctor himself came to the house for his promised visit.

I let him in, and went up stairs along with him. "Lady Glyde was just as usual," says my mistress to him at the door; "she was awake, and looking about her, in a strange, forlorn manner, when I heard her give a sort of half cry, and she fainted in a moment." The doctor went up to the bed, and stooped down over the sick lady. He looked very serious, all on a sudden, at the sight of her, and put his hand on her heart.

My mistress stared hard in Mr. Goodricke's face. "Not dead!" says she, whispering, and turning all of a tremble from head to foot.

"Yes," says the doctor, very quiet and grave. "Dead. I was afraid it would happen suddenly when I examined her heart yesterday." My mistress stepped back from the bedside while he was speaking, and trembled and trembled again. "Dead!" she whispers to herself; "dead so suddenly! dead so soon! What will the Count say?" Mr. Goodricke advised her to go down stairs and quiet herself a little. "You have been sitting up all night," says he, "and your nerves are shaken. This person," says he, meaning me, "this person will stay in the room till I can send for the necessary assistance." My mistress did as he told her. "I must prepare the Count," she says; "I must carefully prepare the Count." And so she left us, shaking from head to foot, and went out.

"Your master is a foreigner," says Mr. Goodricke, when my mistress had left us. "Does he understand about registering the death?" "I can't rightly tell, Sir," says I, "but I should think not." The doctor considered a minute, and then, says he, "I don't usually do such things," says he, "but it may save the family trouble in this case if I register the death myself. I shall pass the district office in half an hour's time, and I can easily look in. Mention, if you please, that I will do so." "Yes, Sir," says I, "with thanks, I'm sure, for your kindness in thinking of it." "You don't mind staying here till I can send you the proper person?" says he. "No, Sir," says I; "I'll stay with the poor lady till then. I suppose nothing more could be done, Sir, than was done?" says I. "No," says he, "nothing; she must have suffered sadly before ever I saw her: the case was hopeless when I was called in." "Ah, dear me! we all come to it, sooner or later, don't we, Sir?" says I. He gave no answer to that; he didn't seem to care about talking. He said, "Good-day," and went out.

I stopped by the bedside from that time till the time when Mr. Goodricke sent the person in, as he had promised. She was, by name, Jane Gould. I considered her to be a respectable-looking woman. She made no remark, except to say that she understood what was wanted of her, and that she had winded a many of them in her time.

How master bore the news when he first heard it is more than I can tell, not having been present. When I did see him he looked awfully overcome by it, to be sure. He sat quiet in a corner, with his fat hands hanging over his thick knees, and his head down, and his eyes looking at nothing. He seemed not so much sorry as scared and dazed like by what had happened. My mistress managed all that was to be done about the funeral. It must have cost a sight of money, the coffin, in particular, being most beautiful. The dead lady's husband was away, as we heard, in foreign parts. But my mistress (being her aunt) settled it with her friends in the country (Cumberland, I think) that she should be buried there, in the same grave along with her mother. Every thing was done handsomely in respect of the funeral, I say again; and master went down to attend the burying in the country himself. He looked grand in his deep mourning, with his big, solemn face, and his slow walk, and his broad hat-band—that he did!

In conclusion I have to say, in answer to questions put to me,

1. That neither I nor my fellow-servant ever saw my master give Lady Glyde any medicine himself.

2. That he was never, to my knowledge and belief, left alone in the room with Lady Glyde.

3. That I am not able to say what caused the sudden fright which my mistress informed me had seized the lady on her first coming into the house. The cause was never explained either to me or to my fellow-servant.

The above statement has been read over in my presence. I have nothing to add to it or to take away from it. I say, on my oath as a Christian woman, This is the truth.

(Signed) HESTER PINHORN, Her+Mark.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE DOCTOR.

"To the Registrar of the Sub-District in which the under-mentioned Death took place. I hereby certify that I attended *Lady Glyde*, aged *Twenty-one* last Birthday; that I last saw her on *the 28th July*, 1850; that she died *on the same day at No. 5 Forest Road, St. John's Wood;* and that the cause of her death was

CAUSE OF DEATH.	DURATION OF DISEASE.
Aneurism.	*Not known.*

(Signed) ALFRED GOODRICKE.

Prof'. Title, *M.R.C.S. Eng. L.S.A.*

Address, 12 *Croydon Gardens, St. John's Wood.*

THE NARRATIVE OF JANE GOULD.

I WAS the person sent in by Mr. Goodricke to do what was right and needful by the remains of a lady who had died at the house named in the certificate which precedes this. I found the body in charge of the servant, Hester Pinhorn. I remained with it, and prepared it, at the proper time, for the grave. It was laid in the coffin in my presence, and I afterward saw the coffin screwed down previous to its removal. When that had been done, and not before, I received what was due to me, and left the house. I refer persons who may wish to investigate my character to Mr. Goodricke. He has known me for more than six years, and he will bear witness that I can be trusted to tell the truth.

(Signed) JANE GOULD.

THE NARRATIVE OF THE TOMBSTONE.

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE,
WIFE OF SIR PERCIVAL GLYDE, BART.,
OF BLACKWATER PARK, HAMPSHIRE,
AND
DAUGHTER OF THE LATE PHILIP FAIRLIE, ESQ.,
OF LIMMERIDGE HOUSE, IN THIS PARISH.
BORN, MARCH 27TH, 1829.
MARRIED, DECEMBER 23D, 1849.
DIED, JULY 28TH, 1850.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER HARTRIGHT, RESUMED.

I.

EARLY in the summer of 1850, I, and my surviving companions, left the wilds and forests of Central America for home. Arrived at the coast, we took ship there for England. The vessel was wrecked in the Gulf of Mexico; I was among the few saved from the sea. It was my third escape from peril of death. Death by disease, death by the Indians, death by drowning—all three had approached me; all three had passed me by.

The survivors of the wreck were rescued by an American vessel bound for Liverpool. The ship reached her port on the thirteenth day of October, 1850. We landed late in the afternoon, and I arrived in London the same night.

These pages are not the record of my wanderings and my dangers away from home. The motives which led me from my country and my friends to a new world of adventure and peril are known. From that self-imposed exile I came back—as I had hoped, prayed, believed, I should come back—a changed man. In the waters of a new life I had tempered my nature afresh. In the stern school of extremity and danger my will had learned to be strong, my heart to be resolute, my mind to rely on itself. I had gone out to fly from my own future. I came back to face it, as a man should.

To face it with that inevitable suppression of myself which I knew it would demand from me. I had parted with the worst bitterness of the past, but not with my heart's remembrance of the sorrow and the tenderness of that memorable time. I had not ceased to feel the one irreparable disappointment of my life—I had only learned to bear it. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship bore me away and I looked my last at England. Laura Fairlie was in all my thoughts when the ship brought me back and the morning light showed the friendly shore in view.

My pen traces the old letters as my heart goes

back to the old love. I write of her as Laura Fairlie still. It is hard to think of her, it is hard to speak of her by her husband's name.

There are no more words of explanation to add, on my appearing for the second time in these pages. This final narrative, if I have the strength and the courage to write it, may now go on.

My first anxieties and first hopes, when the morning came, centred in my mother and my sister. I felt the necessity of preparing them for the joy and surprise of my return, after an absence during which it had been impossible for them to receive any tidings of me for months past. Early in the morning I sent a letter to the Hampstead Cottage, and followed it myself in an hour's time.

When the first meeting was over, when our quiet and composure of other days began gradually to return to us, I saw something in my mother's face which told me that a secret oppression lay heavy on her heart. There was more than love—there was sorrow in the anxious eyes that looked on me so tenderly; there was pity in the kind hand that slowly and fondly strengthened its hold on mine. We had no concealments from each other. She knew how the hope of my life had been wrecked—she knew why I had left her. It was on my lips to ask as composedly as I could, if any letter had come for me from Miss Halcombe—if there was any news of her sister that I might hear. But when I looked in my mother's face I lost courage to put the question even in that guarded form. I could only say, doubtfully and restrainedly,

"You have something to tell me."

My sister, who had been sitting opposite to us, rose suddenly, without a word of explanation—rose, and left the room.

My mother moved closer to me on the sofa and put her arms round my neck. Those fond arms trembled; the tears flowed fast over the faithful, loving face.

"Walter!" she whispered—"my own darling! my heart is heavy for you. Oh, my son! my son! try to remember that I am still left!"

My head sank on her bosom. She had said all, in saying those words.

II.

It was the morning of the third day since my return—the morning of the sixteenth of October

I had remained with them at the Cottage, I had tried hard not to embitter the happiness of my return to *them*, as it was embittered to *me*. I had done all man could to rise after the shock, and accept my life resignedly—to let my great sorrow come in tenderness to my heart, and not in despair. It was useless and hopeless. No tears soothed my aching eyes; no relief came to me from my sister's sympathy or my mother's love.

On that third morning I opened my heart to them. At last the words passed my lips which I had longed to speak on the day when my mother told me of her death.

"Let me go away alone for a little while," I said. "I shall bear it better when I have looked once more at the place where I first saw her—when I have knelt and prayed by the grave where they have laid her to rest."

I departed on my journey—my journey to the grave of Laura Fairlie.

It was a quiet autumn afternoon when I stopped at the solitary station, and set forth alone, on foot, by the well-remembered road. The waning sun was shining faintly through thin white clouds; the air was warm and still; the peacefulness of the lonely country was overshadowed and saddened by the influence of the falling year.

I reached the moor; I stood again on the brow of the hill; I looked on, along the path—and there were the familiar garden trees in the distance, the clear sweeping semicircle of the drive, the high white walls of Limmeridge House. The chances and changes, the wanderings and dangers of months and months past, all shrank and shriveled to nothing in my mind. It was like yesterday since my feet had last trodden the fragrant heathy ground! I thought I should see her coming to meet me, with her little straw hat shading her face, her simple dress fluttering in the air, and her well-filled sketch-book ready in her hand.

O Death, thou hast thy sting! O Grave, thou hast thy victory!

I turned aside; and there below me, in the glen, was the lonesome gray church; the porch where I had waited for the coming of the woman in white; the hills encircling the quiet burial-ground; the brook bubbling cold over its stony bed. There was the marble cross, fair and white, at the head of the tomb—the tomb that now rose over mother and daughter alike.

I approached the grave I crossed once more the low stone stile, and bared my head as I touched the sacred ground. Sacred to gentleness and goodness; sacred to reverence and grief.

I stopped before the pedestal from which the cross rose. On one side of it, on the side nearest to me, the newly-cut inscription met my eyes—the hard, clear, cruel black letters which told the story of her life and death. I tried to read them. I did read as far as the name. "Sacred to the Memory of Laura—" The kind blue eyes dim with tears; the fair head drooping wearily; the innocent, parting words which implored me to leave her—oh, for a happier last memory of her than this; the memory I took away with me, the memory I bring back with me to her grave!

A second time I tried to read the inscription. I saw, at the end, the date of her death; and, above it—

Above it, there were lines on the marble, there was a name among them which disturbed my thoughts of her. I went round to the other side of the grave, where there was nothing to read—nothing of earthly vileness to force its way between her spirit and mine.

I knelt down by the tomb. I laid my hands, I laid my head, on the broad white stone, and closed my weary eyes on the earth around, on the light above. I let her come back to me. Oh, my love! my love! my heart may speak to you *now!* It is yesterday again since we parted—yesterday, since your dear hand lay in mine—yesterday, since my eyes looked their last on you. My love! my love!

* * * * * *

Time had flowed on, and Silence had fallen, like thick night, over its course.

The first sound that came, after the heavenly peace, rustled faintly, like a passing breath of air, over the grass of the burial-ground. I heard it nearing me slowly, until it came changed to my ear—came like footsteps moving onward—then stopped.

I looked up.

The sunset was near at hand. The clouds had parted; the slanting light fell mellow over the hills. The last of the day was cold and clear and still in the quiet valley of the dead.

Beyond me, in the burial-ground, standing together in the cold clearness of the lower light, I saw two women. They were looking toward the tomb; looking toward *me*.

Two.

They came a little on; and stopped again. Their vails were down, and hid their faces from me. When they stopped, one of them raised her vail In the still evening light I saw the face of Marian Halcombe.

Changed, changed as if years had passed over it! The eyes large and wild, and looking at me with a strange terror in them. The face worn and wasted piteously. Pain and fear and grief written on her as with a brand.

I took one step toward her from the grave. She never moved—she never spoke. The vailed woman with her cried out faintly. I stopped. The springs of my life fell low, and the shuddering of an unutterable dread crept over me from head to foot.

The woman with the vailed face moved away from her companion and came toward me slowly. Left by herself, standing by herself, Marian Halcombe spoke. It was the voice that I remembered—the voice not changed, like the frightened eyes and the wasted face.

"My dream! my dream!" I heard her say these words softly, in the awful silence. She sank on her knees, and raised her clasped hands to the heaven. 'Father! strengthen him. Father! help him, in his hour of need."

The woman came on—slowly and silently came on. I looked at her—at her, and at none other, from that moment.

The voice that was praying for me faltered and sank low—then rose on a sudden, and called affrightedly, called despairingly to me to come away.

But the vailed woman had possession of me, body and soul. She stopped on one side of the grave. We stood face to face with the tombstone between us. She was close to the inscription on the side of the pedestal. Her gown touched the black letters.

The voice came nearer, and rose and rose more passionately still. "Hide your face! don't look at her! Oh, for God's sake, spare him—"

The woman lifted her vail.

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
LAURA,
LADY GLYDE——

Laura, Lady Glyde, was standing by the inscription, and was looking at me over the grave.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, May 7, in the Senate, Senator Anthony presented to the Senate a remonstrance against any alteration in the patent laws, which should take away from patentees the right of appeal from the decision of the Commissioner. A bill was passed to settle the titles to lands set apart for the half-breeds in Kansas. The resolutions of Senator Davis, which have already furnished the topic for protracted debate, came up. Senator Davis spoke at length in their support. Senator Brown took occasion to repudiate any sympathy with Mr. Douglas. Senator Clingman followed, but before he had concluded, the Senate adjourned.——The House passed, without debate, a bill reported by Mr. Burlingame from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, authorizing the appointment of a full Minister to Sardinia, at a salary of $12,000, with a Secretary, at $1800 per annum. On the motion of Mr. Grow, the debate on Territorial affairs was postponed until Thursday in order to take up the Tariff Bill. Messrs. Sherman, Grow, Blair, and Stevens spoke at length in favor of the measure.

On Tuesday, May 8, in the Senate, a resolution, providing for an expedition to observe the total eclipse of the sun in July, was passed by a large majority. Senator Clingman subsequently resumed his remarks in opposition to the resolution of Mr. Davis. Senator Benjamin followed, and the Senate then went into Executive Session.——The House, in Committee of the Whole, listened to Mr. Houston, of Alabama, in an argument against the Tariff Bill. Messrs. Morrill, Taylor, and Millson followed. Every attempt at a call of the House resulting in the want of a quorum, at eight o'clock the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, May 9, in the Senate, Senator Davis introduced his bill proposing to transfer the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department. Senator Lane spoke to exonerate himself from the charge of fraud in connection with the Oregon war debt. The Homestead Bill was then taken up, when Senator Grimes, of Iowa, moved as an amendment that the privileges of the measure be extended to all unmarried men over twenty-one years of age. Senator Green, of Missouri, stigmatized the bill as an imposture. The bill was defended by Senator Johnson, of Arkansas. The amendment of Senator Grimes was rejected, and the Senate adjourned without a vote.——In the House, in the Committee of the Whole on the Tariff, speeches were made by Messrs. Millson, of Virginia, Montgomery, Kellogg, Florence, etc., but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, May 10, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill amendments offered by Senators Rice and Douglas having been rejected, the measure was finally passed by a vote of 44 to 8.——The House had Territorial business before it. After discussion of the Tariff Bill in Committee of the Whole, that measure was reported to the House, and also passed.

On Friday, May 11, the Senate passed several private bills, and the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. An executive session was then held, and the Senate adjourned until Monday.——In the House, a bill was reported providing for carrying out the stipulations of the treaty with Paraguay. The Chairman of the Committee on Territories reported bills for organizing Territorial governments for Idaho, Nevada, Chippewa, Arizona, and Dacotah, and they were all laid on the table The Commandant of the Washington Navy-yard sent an invitation to the House to witness the reception of the Japanese Embassy on Monday; but the House refused to adjourn for the purpose.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

The Baltimore Constitutional Convention achieved the object of its meeting, on May 10, by nominating for President, John Bell, of Tennessee, and for Vice-President, Edward Everett, of Massachusetts. Upon the first ballot the strength of Mr. Bell was so clearly apparent, that upon the second nearly all the delegates hastened to record their votes for him; and he was declared the unanimous choice of the Convention. Mr. Everett was subsequently, and by acclamation, named for the second office. Prior to the balloting, the Committee upon Business reported a preamble and resolutions adverse to the utterance of any declaration of principles; pronouncing the Constitution itself a sufficient platform with which to go before the people. The proceedings were marked with exemplary harmony, notwithstanding some of the advocates of General Houston bear their disappointment impatiently.

TREATIES BEFORE THE SENATE.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "There are now before the Senate for ratification four important treaties, as follows: The one with Mexico, Nicaragua, Honduras, and one recently negotiated by Mr. Preston with Spain, besides the New Granadian Treaty, which is now awaiting exchange of ratifications. The ratification of each and every one of these treaties is of vital importance to the United States, having been negotiated after long delay and great trouble, and which will tend, in a great degree, to settle permanently and satisfactorily the long-pending and complicated questions of foreign policy in a manner highly honorable to all parties. The treaty negotiated by Mr. Preston settles all the questions in dispute between Spain and the United States amicably and justly, and in a manner highly creditable to both governments. But judging from the present dilatory movements of the Senate, and especially the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, who has these important matters in charge, they will, in all probability, fall to the ground for want of efficient and prompt action."

ARRIVAL OF THE JAPANESE.

The United States steam frigate *Roanoke*, forty-four guns, Captain William H. Gardner, commanding, bearing the flag of Flag-Officer William J. M'Cluney, Commander-in-Chief of the Home and Gulf Squadron, having on board the Japanese Embassy, arrived and anchored inside of Sandy Hook on Thursday night. Dispatches were taken on board from the Secretary of the Navy, ordering the flag-officer to proceed to Hampton Roads, and not enter this port The *Roanoke* left next day with the Japanese, according to instructions.

A BUDGET OF HORRORS.

A man named Cook attempted to shoot a man named Leonard at the breakfast table at the Broadway Hotel, Lexington, Kentucky. Two shots were fired, and Leonard's arm shattered. Cause—woman.

Tom Moore was badly wounded at Cynthiana, Kentucky, a few days since, by being shot at by John Tremble, a lawyer.

Mr. Douglas, of Denville, Kentucky, was found dead in his mill, supposed to have been murdered by one of his slaves.

Captain Elliott, of Maysville, Kentucky, has died of wounds received by being shot by Frank Hurd.

Jesse Martindale, of Warren County, Indiana, died lately from burns produced by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. Dugan, of the same county, died also of burns produced by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. Glesser, of Mobile, and two children were dreadfully burned by the explosion of a fluid lamp.

Mrs. George Seiders, of St. Louis, was dreadfully burned about the head and breast by the explosion of a fluid lamp. All the hair was burned from her head, and she can not live.

The young ladies of Hopedale, Illinois, met to trim a church for some festival occasion, and two men, named Findley and M'Dowel, getting into a fight relative to an alleged insult toward one of the ladies, M'Dowel drew a knife and killed Findley on the spot.

A Mr. Payne died at Frankfort, Kentucky, and his father-in-law, Mr. Dryden, when sitting up with the corpse, cut his throat and died. Both gentlemen were prominent citizens of Frankfort.

SHOCKING CALAMITY.

A shocking calamity occurred near Camden, South Carolina, on Saturday last. A party of boys and girls on a picnic were drowned in a mill-pond. Nineteen bodies had been recovered, and it is thought ten more, making twenty-nine in all, perished.

DEATH OF A GREAT LAWYER.

Samuel Beardsley, one of the most eminent citizens of Central New York, died at his residence in Utica last week. He had been a prominent lawyer and politician in Oneida County for more than forty years, commencing practice at Rome, where he was appointed District Attorney, and whence he was chosen a State Senator in 1823; removing thence in 1825 to Utica, which has ever since been his home (save that for a year or two he practiced in this city), and whence he was thrice chosen to Congress, where he rose to be Chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Retiring from Congress in 1836, he was in 1840, on the death of Judge Cowen, appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court, and in 1847 was made Chief Justice. The remodeling of the Supreme Court by the new Constitution divested him of that post, and he has since remained in retirement. In the morning of his career he was for some years a partner of Judge Bronson, now Corporation Counsel of our city, between whom and himself the warmest friendship has ever since existed. He was in politics an ardent Democrat of the adamantine school, and in private life a gentleman of unsullied integrity.

PERSONAL.

The Connecticut Legislature on May 10 re-elected Senator Lafayette S. Foster. The Democratic candidate was the Hon. W. W. Eaton, of Hartford, who made a speech in the Democratic caucus, taking strong ground against Mr. Douglas and his doctrines—declaring that the seventeen Democratic States repudiate them, and defending the Southern view on the Territorial question. The vote stood, in the Senate, 14 for Foster and 7 for Eaton; in the House, 139 for Foster and 70 for Eaton.

James J. Emmet, son of Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq., of this city, committed suicide last week, at his residence in University Place, by shooting himself with a pistol.

Captain John Vine Hall has been appointed commander of the *Great Eastern*, in place of the late lamented Captain Harrison. Captain Hall was formerly in the service of the General Screw Steam Shipping Company, and in command of their steamers the *Crœsus* and *Golden Fleece*.

Mrs. Gore, the novelist, who for some time past has been afflicted with blindness, has just undergone an operation which, it is hoped, will eventually restore her to sight.

During the night of the 19th of April Mr. G. P. R. James, the well-known novelist, had an attack of paralysis, at Venice, where he is Consul-General.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons on the 26th the Reform Bill was debated at length, Lord John Russell being the principal speaker. No action was taken, and the debate was further adjourned till the 30th ult.

On the 27th, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell stated that Government were doing all in their power to stop the slave-trade in coolies between China and Cuba, and had opened negotiations with Spain on the subject.

His Lordship also, in reply to inquiries on the subject, explained the present position of the negotiations for a Congress on the Savoy question. He stated that the French Government thought the Congress could not meet until the Sardinian Parliament had ratified the cession of Savoy, and that they demurred to the proposal that there should be no civil or military occupation of Savoy until the decision of the Conference was arrived at. The Prussian Government held the same views as the English Cabinet, but the other Powers had not been communicated with.

The Bill abolishing church rates was debated and finally read a third time by a vote of 235 to 226.

THE GREAT BANK FRAUDS.

The frauds on the Union Bank of London, by Pullinger, the Cashier, attracted much attention. A subordinate cashier, named Edward J. Lyttleton, had also been arrested, a deficiency of £1240 having been discovered in his accounts. He attributed the deficiency to his chief, Pullinger.

Rumors of other discoveries of a serious nature had also been current, but they were pronounced without a shadow of foundation. The forced pass-book by which the great fraud was effected is not in Pullinger's writing, and every effort was being made to detect the person who assisted him on that point. It is asserted that the misappropriations by Pullinger extended over the entire five years, during which he was chief cashier. There is little doubt that the greater part of the money must have gone in stock exchange speculation, although a number of other channels are reported. The Stock Exchange Committee had commenced an inquiry into the affair, as it affected the members of the Exchange Two or three of the brokers who transacted business with Pullinger had surrendered securities, and also money, the proceeds of stocks and shares sold which were considered the property of Pullinger.

Rumors had been current of the discovery of defalcations at the London and Westminster Bank, but they were totally unfounded. They are supposed to have arisen from the Directors having recently called on two clerks to resign, in consequence of a discovery that two false entries were made in the books in 1857, which, although involving a loss of only forty shillings, the Board felt it could not be overlooked.

Pullinger was again brought up before the Lord Mayor on the 27th. Nothing new was developed, and the prisoner was remanded for another week.

TOM SAYERS'S ARM.

The following certificate as to the state of Tom Sayers's arm is from the surgeons of St. Thomas's Hospital, London:

"Having examined Mr. T. Sayers this day, we are of opinion, from the contused state of the muscles, tendons, and minor bone of the right fore-arm, that he will be unable to use that arm for two months, or probably more."

The sum of £200 had been collected for Sayers from members of the House of Commons, all grades of politicians contributing.

FRANCE.

THE ANNEXATION OF SAVOY.

The Paris papers publish a dispatch from Chambery announcing that the number of votes recorded in Savoy in favor of annexation will exceed 100,000, while the number of noes, together with those who abstained from voting, will be about 1200.

The latest dispatch from Chambery states that the number of votes for annexation in Savoy was 131,744; against it, 233.

A banquet had been given in the theatre at Chambery to commemorate the result of the voting and in honor of M. Laity, the French Commissioner.

ITALY.

VICTOR EMANUEL IN FLORENCE.

The King of Sardinia has paid his visit to Florence, and amidst the enthusiasm of his reception there was one significant incident. In every house, we are told, there is a skeleton, but in every procession there is not always a damper. The universal rejoicing of the Italians admitted of two exceptions. The Venetians, and the Sicilians and Neapolitans, walked in the procession, and the crape on their banners indicated, first, that they were unhappy, and next, that they would be glad to hail the King of Sardinia as the King of Venice and the Two Sicilies. It is stated that, following the friendly advice of France, Victor Emanuel has, for the present, abandoned the idea of taking the title of King of Italy, under the fear that it might complicate existing international difficulties; but he evidently possesses at present the confidence of the entire people.

THE POPE'S FINANCES.

The Pope has succeeded in contracting a loan of £2,000,000 in Belgium, and has appointed a committee, composed of Cardinals Wiseman, Villecourt, and Reisach, to receive voluntary contributions for the support of the Papal troops. General Lamoriciere's reorganization of the Pope's army, if effected on the scale which he is believed to contemplate, will be so extensive as to exhaust the Roman treasury, and render necessary every possible expedient for raising funds to support the troops and maintain the Papal power.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A commission formed from among the clergy of Turin, had drawn up an address to the Pope, which, after receiving the signatures of the clergy of the kingdom, was to be sent to the Vatican. This document places before the eyes of his Holiness the dangers attendant on the present policy of Rome, and points out that the surest means of warding them off consists in accepting the propositions contained in the letter of King Victor Emanuel.

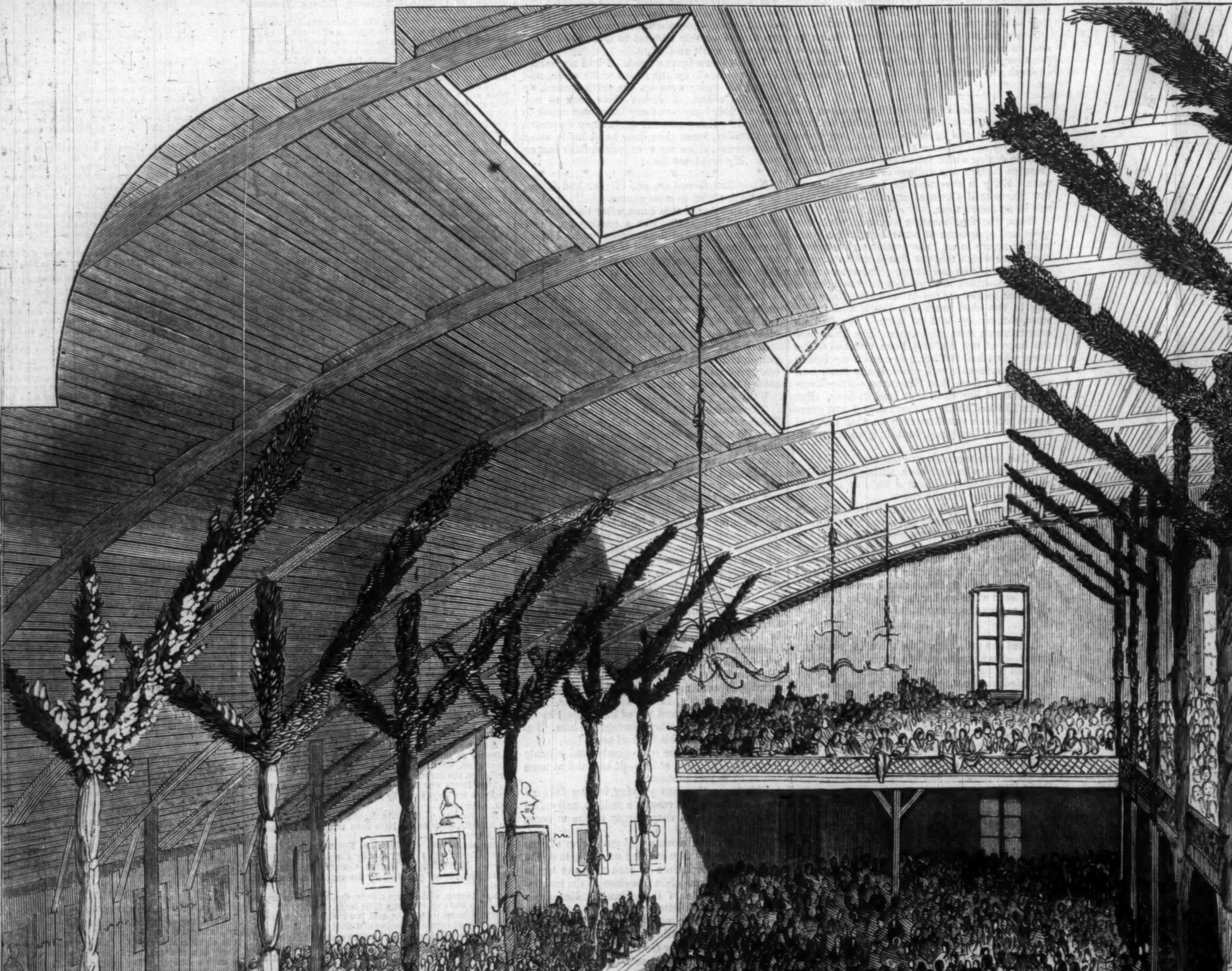
TRIAL OF FATHER FELETTI.

A letter from Italy says: "The recent announcement that Father Feletti had been arrested at Bologna, and that he was to be tried for having stolen the young Mortara, sent a thrill of satisfaction through the greater part of Europe; but we now learn, with something like astonishment, that the hard-hearted priest has escaped the punishment which he so richly deserved. He was tried by the Criminal and Civil Court of Bologna—on the very spot where his odious crime was committed. He could not deny his guilt; the proofs were too strong against him; but he appealed for mercy, on the plea that he had simply acted upon the peremptory orders which he had received from Antonelli and the Pope. His plea was admitted, and the wretch has escaped."

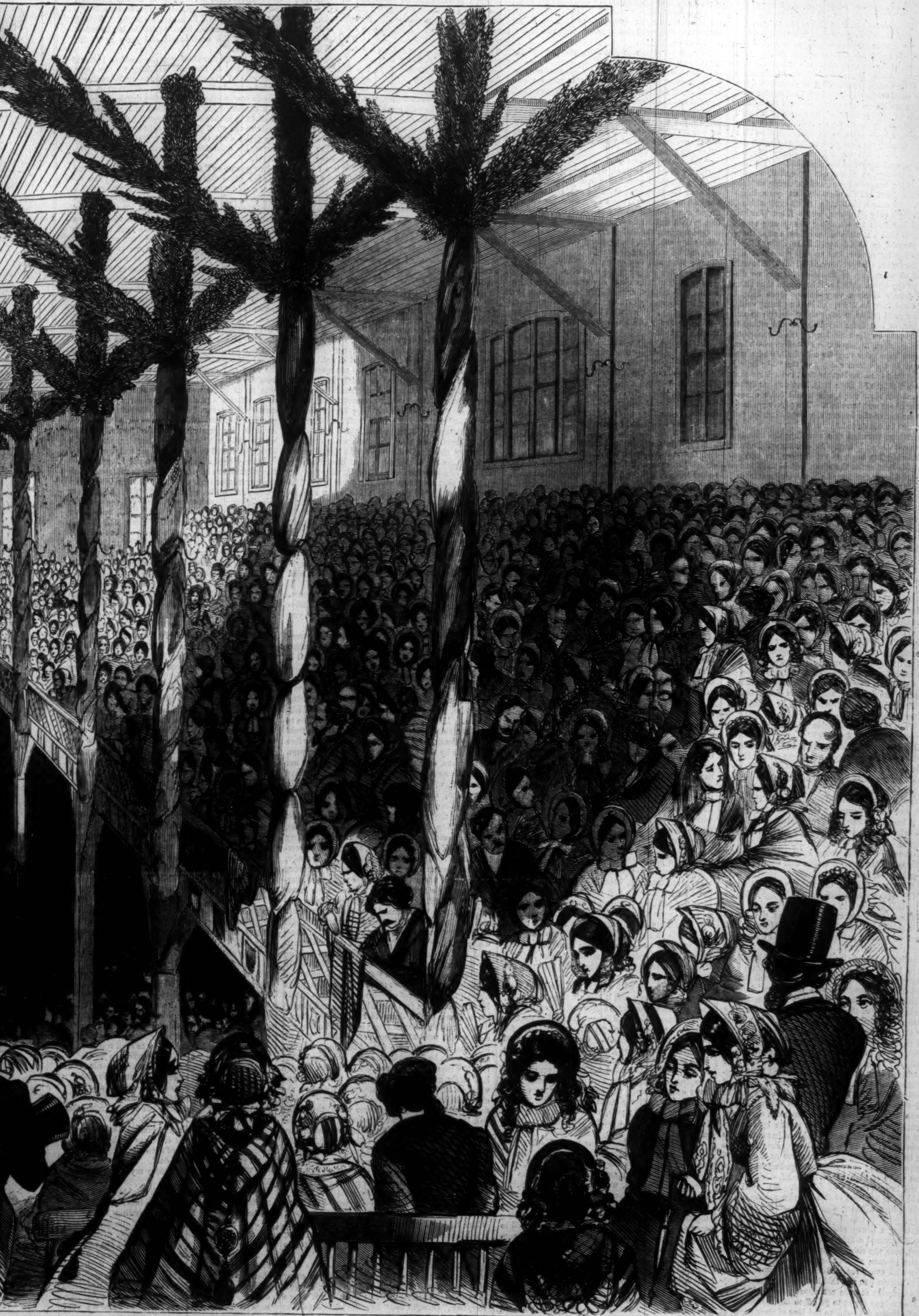
AUSTRIA.

SUICIDE OF BARON BRUCK.

It is now stated that the late Baron Bruck was dismissed from the Ministry of Finance, just before his death, on account of his complicity in the late gigantic frauds, and he expiated his offense by committing suicide. A Vienna dispatch gives the following particulars: When the body of Baron Bruck was judicially examined, a cut, which extended from the jugular vein to the fore part of the throat, was found. The unfortunate man had also inflicted wounds on the inner part of both wrists. The contents of the stomach are being analyzed by the sworn medical authorities, as suspicions are entertained that he swallowed poison. Another dispatch says that the cut in the neck was only superficial, and that death was caused from loss of blood at the wrists.



THE REPUBLICANS IN NOMINATING CONVENTION, IN



IN THEIR WIGWAM AT CHICAGO, MAY, 1860.

TAKEN BY STORM.

On the extreme point of Sandy Hook, near the light-house, stands a rough wooden building, which serves the double purpose of telegraph station and office of the agent for the Associated Press. At a low table, under the only window which the shanty can boast, Edward Barnard passed the leisure hours of his long watch, from sunrise to sunset, in devotion to such studies as he might best master with the little assistance he could find. At the age of nineteen he had been chosen, by reason of his skill as a boatman, to board the homeward-bound ships and procure their news, to be telegraphed to New York. During the first year he found the life exceedingly dull; but when Uncle Harry Warden was appointed keeper of the light-houses, Ed Barnard, or Barney, as he was usually called, went to board at the keeper's house, and existence suddenly became not only endurable but quite interesting. Of course that little brown-eyed maiden, the keeper's only daughter, pretty Ellen Warden, had no influence in changing the young man's heart; he took but little notice of her, and at times even seemed to avoid her. Poor little Ellen! Coquettish by nature, her coquetry availed not with the frank, straightforward Edward Barnard: he had no more idea of flirtation than of needle-work or the opera. And so it happened that Ellen found Sandy Hook a very dreary place indeed. Such a sad face she wore, and such repining made, that her good father, though sorry enough to part with her, at last determined she should return to their friends on the main land. On the morning of her departure Barnard was off before breakfast. He must have gone very far out, for his boat was not in sight even from the top of the "big light." Did she wait until the last moment in the hope that he would return? Sure it is, had not her father hastened her slow steps, she would have missed the steamboat and been left. The parting seemed to grieve her to the heart; she wept bitterly, and would not be comforted.

Meantime, Barnard was spending the morning in the most strangely unprofitable manner. Instead of following his business on the sea, he had secreted his boat under the wharf and himself in the cedars. Hour after hour he lay upon the soft turf, apparently half-asleep, hardly moving hand or foot. At dinner-time he returned to the house, but without much appetite, the natural consequence of such unaccustomed idleness. After this the Hook did not seem to Barney quite so near Paradise as before, but by devoting himself to study with more assiduity than ever he contrived to wear the time away.

Let me now say a word concerning Ellen Warden. Since her mother's death she had not been separated from her father until now, and 'twas quite natural she should miss him greatly. Yet 'twas not her father's face she saw in dreams; and the necklace of tiny shells, with mother-of-pearl charms, which were the dearest of her treasures, her father's hand never touched. Her filial affection was strong though, and she longed to see the good old keeper so earnestly that, when she had been absent about two months, she must even go and visit him a day or two. Accordingly, bright and early one morning, while Uncle Harry was at breakfast, Miss Ellen surprises him by running in and throwing her arms about his dear old neck.

"Why, little birdie!" cries the astonished keeper, "where did you fly from?"

"All the way from Holmedale, father. We started yesterday, but stopped overnight on the Highlands. Are you glad to see me?"

"Sit on my knee, lass, and I'll tell thee. How like thou art to thy mother!"

After a moment she glanced through the open door, and asked, demurely enough,

"Where is Edward—Edward Barnard?"

Slowly and absently the keeper answered, "He has gone—"

"Gone!" cries the young lady, with an accent of consternation at once tragic and comic; "has he really gone, father?"

"Why, my child, I did not say he was dead, did I? Barney has gone up to the light—that's all. He'll be down in a moment."

Sure enough he came in just as the birdie was blushing with confusion because of having betrayed an interest in him. He was, as I have said, frank and honest, this young boatman; and the pleasure which made his heart beat so quickly shone also in his face with a glow that gave him a new beauty to the brown eyes which beamed fondly upon him one moment, and then were dropped modestly to the floor. In that first instant of meeting she read the secret which Barnard hardly dared acknowledge even to himself. She knew that this fine young 'longshoreman—strong, brave, and skillful—was utterly subdued; was her property, to have and to hold; her conquered vassal, owing her allegiance forever more. In the hour of triumph she felt that she could afford to be magnanimous, and so her greeting had so much of hearty kindness in it that her captive was sure he had never known what happiness was until that moment. She proved a most imperious sovereign, though; not even risking her throne by any further absence, having concluded that her father was growing too old to be left alone. Poor Barney's life became as undulatory on shore as it ever had been on the sea; one moment buoyed up on the topmost wave of high hope—the next, dashed down to the lowest depths of despond. No April day could be so prodigal of clouds and sunshine as this little queen abusing the power of her absolute sway.

During a heavy storm in the spring time Barney discovered a brig ashore on the Romer, foremast over the side, jamming, but-end first, like a battering-ram, against her garboard as she listed over with every sea. Going to the house Barney met Captain Ben and told him of the wreck. Captain Conover at once set about rousing his men, saying a boat ought to go off to her immediately. Uncle Harry did not like the idea of their going at all, thinking the chances were desperate indeed.

"I know they are desperate," said Captain Ben, with a grim smile. "There'd be no use of wreckers if it wasn't for desperate chances. What makes it worse, we're short-handed, with two of the boys laid up."

"I'll go, for one," said Barnard, quiet as though 'twas to go fishing.

Captain Ben shook his head: "No, yonker, you mustn't go. There's a lass in the house there would never forgive me if it should so happen that you did not come back to her."

Without reply Barnard ran up stairs to make preparation for the perilous trip. On his return he was stopped in the hall by a light little figure, and the softest, sweetest voice in the world asked, "Are you going, Edward?"

"Yes, Nelly, I must go."

"Bend down your head, will you, please?"

As he complied with her request his heavy curls fell over his face, and, severing one, she hid it in her bosom. Then taking a ring from her largest finger she placed it on his smallest one, whispering, "That was mother's wedding-ring.

One moment the little form was pressed close to his heart; one kiss, that burned for hours on her lips, and he was gone.

How long and dreary was that day. Most of the time Ellen passed in her own room. Rocking gently in her little chair she caressed the thick curl which twined around the finger where her ring had been—smoothing it against her cheek, and wrapping it about with her own silken tresses—singing the while the lullaby baby-songs her mother had sung.

'Twas quite night when the boat returned. Four came into the house—three strangers and one of the wreckers.

"Where are the others?" demanded Uncle Harry.

"In the 'big light?'" answered the wrecker. "Cap'n Ben said better not bring 'em here, so I came up to see if you'd take care of these from the wreck, and let us have some bandages and such like."

Nelly felt a sickening shudder creep over her, and the room seemed whirling about until she closed her eyes and became conscious of unconsciousness. 'Twas for a moment only; then rising, with unsteady steps, she left the room, and, quickly gathering what she thought might be of use to wounded and perhaps dying men, she hastened to the light-house. Lying upon the stone floor were the bodies of two who were drowned in the brig. Near them, on some boat-cloaks and heavy coats, was the mangled lifeless form of him who had kissed her in the morning. Captain Conover himself, pale and bleeding, was cutting the coat-sleeve from Edward's shattered left arm. The other wreckers were taking care of the boat, which, after human life, always receives their first attention. Captain Ben did not notice Ellen's light step when she entered, and the first intimation he had of her presence was her heart-broken cry as she sank upon the stones beside her lover. Tears filled the hardy mariner's eyes when he saw the little queen so low. "Don't grieve so, birdie," he said, raising her gently. "He is not dead. It has been a hard bout, to be sure, but you shall take care of him and make him a sound man again."

Captain Ben and Barnard were on board the brig when she broke up, and, before the boat could rescue them, the floating pieces of wreck, dashing about in a cross-sea, had well-nigh crushed them. Captain Ben escaped with sound bones, though badly bruised; but poor Barney had his left arm and two ribs on the left side broken, and many a hard knock beside. They removed him carefully to the keeper's house, where Captain Ben reduced the fractures with the skill of an old surgeon. Then Ellen took her place at his bedside—the place which she retained through all the long, weary time of fever and delirium which followed—scarce consenting to leave him, even when he slept, for his eyes would surely seek hers when he awoke. Thanks to her tender care—thanks to a strong physique and a temperate life, his convalescence, slowly approaching, became certain as the days grew longer and the soft winds of summer, fresh from the Atlantic, breathed through the open window. Happy days for Barnard! One pleasant day in June a little excursion was made to the Highlands in Barnard's own boat. So delighted was he to be on the water once more that he declared himself quite well again. "Dear Nelly, I shall be a trouble to you no longer. Are you not glad?"

Nelly answered with a little sigh, and was very quiet all that day; and it came to pass, thereafter, that she withdrew herself gradually from the tender intimacy which had been so grateful to the convalescent, which had served him as foundation for so many castles in Spain. Greatly he wondered and grieved, and finally sought explanation of this most mysterious change. Nelly listened in silence, and, when he had ended his plaint, turned away weeping, and left him, avoiding him now more than ever. Slowly the summer months waned, and the lovers scarce spoke to each other. Nelly was silent and sad; pale, and often in tears. Pining, was she? For what? Who reads the heart of a girl?

Early in the fall there came to the Hook a party of engineers to locate the new fortress. Handsome young fellows they were; mustached, well dressed, and well mannered. Nelly's spirits revived. The officers, well pleased to find society so agreeable in a place of so little promise, were certainly very attentive. Edward, hurt and indignant, secluded himself with his books, being seen only on duty; and yet when he happened to meet her sometimes, her true eyes would beam upon him the same glance of earnest kindness as before, her voice thrill with emotions which but one in the world can excite. When the Carleton Club, in the river, gave their annual regatta, Barnard wrote a little note inviting Nelly to the race. Nelly went down to the station carrying the note in her hand. Finding Barnard there, she stood in the door a while, tearing the innocent paper in pieces. When 'twas all destroyed she sprinkled the bits on the floor, saying, "I can't go with you to-morrow," and so departed. Next morning was mild and inviting. Edward was early astir, and set sail, alone, in his boat, not to the race in the river, but many miles out on the sea. When he returned in the evening the officer's eight-oared barge was also returned from the river, the tiller-ropes handled by Nelly. After their supper was over Nelly, with coolest bravado, came to where Edward was standing, lost in unwholesome thought, and spoke with mocking politeness, "Why were you not at the races? We had a delightful day; your face would not be half so long as it is had you only been with us."

He looked at her sadly a moment; then held out his hand, saying, "Who could believe that 'twas you who gave me this ring? When I think of the manner of giving I can hardly believe it myself."

Blushing and embarrassment followed, but soon she could quietly answer, "I fear you attach too much import to the gift of that little ring. If you think that it meant more than friendship perhaps you had better return it."

"Nelly, you know very well how much that ring means to me. I pray, then, that no hasty word, perhaps not wholly intended, may deprive me of hopes held so dear. Wait for two or three days, and then if you wish me to know that I must not any more look upon you as I have done, wear a red rose on your breast such as you wore to-day when you came home in the barge, and—you shall—have—your ring."

On the third day thereafter Nelly went down to the station with a great *white rose* on her dress, and under it, almost hidden, a little bud of red. Barnard was puzzled, but the ring was not returned.

Toward noon, one dreary day early in November, the black clouds in the northeast began to wheel up into battle-array, and to send forth gusty, blustering threats of strife. The keeper in the "big light" could see the small craft crowding sail and hurrying inside the Hook, while the larger vessels, keeping on their way, acknowledged the danger by reducing canvas and making all snug. Far away, in the southeast, a faint line of smoke told him of a steamer inward bound, none having gone out that morning, and the tugs being fast under lee of the light-ship. "The worst luck in the world," thought the old man. "Barney 'll be off now, sure. I'll see if I can't occupy him till the storm comes on so black he can't see the signal, if there is one."

Hurrying down, he met the object of his anxiety coming from the house clad in his storm togs and dove-cage in hand. "Where bound, Barney? You are not going out? I've just come down, and there's no signal in sight."

"Telegraph from the Highlands, Uncle Harry. Steamer from the Isthmus. News of the California elections. There, don't scold—I must go, you know."

And so he went, despite the warnings and entreaties of the good keeper, who, remounting to the top of the "big-light," watched the little skiff until it was lost in the darkness of the coming storm.

Edward had calculated to meet the steamer before the squall came upon him, and take a tow back under her lee; but she was laying to, waiting for a pilot, not caring to approach a lee-shore without one. He discovered this, and had just time to take her bearings when she was shut out from view by the driving spray torn up from the surface of the sea by the first fierce gusts of the tempest. On he drove, carefully holding his course but not seeing the steamer, until he thought he must have passed her, when suddenly she loomed up directly before him, like a phantom springing from the depths of the ocean. He rounded to under her counter before they discovered him, and then, amidst the shrieking of the wind through the rigging, 'twas impossible to make himself heard. They knew him of old, however, and, though not expecting him in such weather, his package, being ready, was weighted and thrown into his boat. Securing the envelope under the wing of his pigeon, he liberated the little prisoner, who flew like an arrow straight for home. With the package was an urgent invitation for Barnard to board the steamer and stay by her until the gale was over. He was at first tempted to do so; but a thought of those who would be anxious if he did not return, determined him to decline the kind request, so waving his hat in farewell he put the boat about, and in another moment was once more alone in the storm.

He had been out about three hours, and supposed himself to be twenty-five miles or more from Sandy Hook. He had a free wind, however, and though his sail was reefed down to hardly more than a hand's-breadth, he sped along at a rate that he was sure would take him home before dark. His reflections, however, were not of the most cheerful character as he leaned back on the locker watching that the lee-rail did not run too far under. Nelly had lately grown more capricious than ever, and when he had tried to talk seriously with her, she either discomfited him with merry mockery, or with cold words and haughty glances would turn away and leave him. "Kind as a kitten she'll be this evening," thought he; "but to-morrow colder than I am now, and that's too cold for comfort." Here his reveries were interrupted by a faint cry, almost lost in the roar of the tempest. Directly astern, drifting fast before the gale, was a large sail-boat, with peak taut up, the sheets gone away and the boom flying. Some helpless creature—could it possibly be a woman?—was clinging to the tiller, though without attempt to guide the ill-fated boat, which labored in the sea too heavily to keep afloat much longer. All this Barnard saw while jamming his helm hard down, and giving the gallant little skiff more sheet as she spun round before the wind. As he bore down on the sinking sail-boat he could see that its only occupant was a woman, or rather girl, for she was evidently quite young, and how to rescue her puzzled Barnard much. "If 'twas a boy, now," thought he, "he could jump out of that fast enough; but a girl—well, she must take the only chance there is." Ranging so close alongside that the two boats touched, he threw the end of a line, which the girl fortunately caught. Making signs to her to fasten it round her waist, he cried, "Stand on the wash-board and jump as we lift with the sea!"

With intelligent obedience she stood an instant, with one foot on the rail, watching for the right moment, and when it came, springing forward, she landed safely in Barnard's arms. Without wasting time in words—for they were fast drifting seaward—he deposited her on the stern-locker and again trimmed in for home. He was obliged to lay much closer to the wind than before, having lost at least five miles dead to leeward. Once more on his course, his attention was devoted to his fair passenger.

In response to Barnard's questions, she informed him her name was Annie—Annie Wilson; her father, a shipping merchant in New York, owned a cottage near Rockaway, where the family had been spending the summer. They had all returned to town, leaving her and the servants to close the house. She had learned to sail a boat about the little bay where they lived, and long entertained an ambition to go outside once, on to the great, broad ocean, "just to see how it would seem." Opportunity occurring in the absence of the family, she had made sail and prospered exceedingly, until she attempted to return, when a strong head-wind was to be encountered, and then, even with her immense experience in boating, progress was rather slow. She thought she should have reached home finally though; but that a sudden flaw twitched the sheet from her hand, nearly upset the boat, and sent her drifting out to sea, where she certainly would have perished had she not been rescued by the skill and courage of one whom she thanked from the bottom of her heart, and whom she would pray for as long as she lived. A few tears on account of father's anxiety for his runaway girl, which ceased when assured that her father should be telegraphed to immediately; more expressions of gratitude to her preserver, her benefactor, and the weary head sank upon his shoulder, the bright blue eyes closed in the sleep of exhaustion.

Barney held on his course until he weathered the point of the Hook, preferring to run round into the bay rather than attempt to land, with his fair encumbrance, through the surf. 'Twas a little past ten o'clock when he beached the boat, opposite the keeper's house. In answer to his hail Uncle Harry came down with a lantern. When Miss Wilson awoke she was hardly able to move, but with assistance walked to the house, refusing Edward's offer to carry her there. Nelly was glad, very glad to see Barnard safely returned, though she would have shown more emotion, perhaps, had she not been surprised by seeing a beautiful young lady enter with him. Barnard gave his charge into Nelly's hands, and excellent care Nelly took of her. She was too tired to wait, even for supper, and would retire immediately; she should have Nelly's own room, and Nelly's own bed, even though she did take both of Edward's hands, and say: "Good-night, dear Mr. Barnard! Heaven bless you, and keep you this night and every night."

Barnard telegraphed to Mr. Wilson, in Eighteenth Street; but that gentleman had been sent for from Rockaway. The message should be given him immediately on his return. Hoping to have a kind word from Nelly, he returned to the house. He was disappointed, however, for he saw her again but a moment, and then she did not speak.

Next morning Edward found a message at the station stating that Mr. Wilson would start for the Hook by the first boat. As he approached the house with the news, Miss Wilson left Nelly and came forth to greet him. As they stood, hand in hand, near the door, he, looking fondly down upon her, and she, looking fondly up to him, Nelly could not help hearing and seeing all that passed between them. He spoke.

"And so we must lose you. They are coming to take away my treasure, which I have but just found on the sea. I think I am entitled to one-third of you, at least; that's legal salvage."

"You are entitled to my eternal gratitude; and as to losing me, that is not to be. We shall always be friends, shall we not? I shall like you ever so much; indeed, I do now. I think you are splendid!"

Nelly not caring to hear more, had the cruelty to announce breakfast.

About ten o'clock Mr. Wilson came. His daughter was waiting on the wharf for him, and during half an hour they two were alone with each other. Then Nelly conducted them to the station, where Barnard was writing up Uncle Harry's accounts. After greetings and thanks came an awkward pause. The weight of obligation oppressed Mr. Wilson, and he knew not how to seek relief. He, to his daughter, "Ma chère, est ce que je—"

Edward, interrupting, "Pardon me, Sir; but perhaps you should know I understand French."

"Indeed! Do you read and write it also?"

"Yes, Sir; I learned from books."

"Excuse my questions; but do you know other languages?"

"None but Spanish, and just a little Italian."

"You were at work on these books. Do you understand the science of accounts?"

"I think I may say I do."

"Would you like to enter my counting-room, Mr. Barnard?"

"I hardly know, Sir. 'Twould take a great temptation to make me leave here," looking over to the door where Nelly was standing.

To Mr. Wilson "temptation" means money. He says, "What would you think of fifteen hundred the first year, and two thousand the next?"

Edward is astonished! Two thousand dollars seems like a large fortune. And yet he wishes those brown eyes would ask him not to go. Mr. Wilson, watching him, understands his hesitation at once. "Do not be in haste to decide, Mr. Barnard; think over the matter, and write me your answer."

Another look toward Nelly. She has turned away, and is quietly tearing to pieces the necklace of shells he made for her. The tears which would fall from the brown eyes he could not see.

"The advantages of your offer are so apparent that there exists but one question in my mind with regard to it. If you feel indebted to me, and seek in this way to make me a present of money, 'twould be wrong for me to accept it; but if you can really give me opportunity to earn so much, 'twould be equally wrong to refuse."

"I like your scruples, Mr. Barnard; and take pleasure in assuring you that the sum I mentioned is the same we have always paid for work which I'm sure you can do."

"Then I shall be right glad to undertake it." He spoke very slowly, but not a look came from the brown eyes to interrupt him; and so 'twas decided he should go.

Uncle Harry mourned the loss of his pupil as though he were a son. "We shall miss you so, my boy. I was in hopes you'd stay with us; yes, Barney, I did hope you and my girl would keep stroke well enough to row in the same boat all your lives."

Such words might have made Barnard repent his decision, and remain a 'longshoreman yet, but that Nelly continued obdurate as ever. Annie Wilson's winning face would come between her and Barnard; and if bitter tears fell upon her pillow she was only the more cold and distant in his presence. And so the young man went away, grieved and almost hopeless, yet wearing the ring which she gave to him long ago.

Hardly was Edward installed in his new position when he was called upon to endure another effusion of grateful thanks. A gentleman, whom Mr. Wilson introduced as Bently, called at the office and was unsparing in professions of obligation and offers of friendly service. More, with much tact and delicacy, he really did render much aid to the young stranger in the metropolis. Edward did not quite understand all this kindness at first, but Annie Wilson explained the mystery, and, blushingly, told him all about it. In return he confided to her all his troubles with Ellen; and so it happened that in writing to Ellen, as she had promised to do, Annie's letters were filled with Barnard's praise—he was all that is good, noble, brave, and kind. Annie was greatly surprised that these letters were not answered—thinking she had written pleasantly and politically; not dreaming that her words of admiration would be as gall and wormwood to the lonely girl on Sandy Hook.

Barnard had been in town about a month, and was visiting Annie one evening, when he was taken into confidence by Bently—who was there of course—and the great secret was divulged to him. The wedding was to take place on Annie's birthday, in February. "And now," said Bently, "Annie and I want you to stand up with us, and Annie says Miss Warden must be one of the bridemaids."

Edward would be only too happy, but Nelly—that is Miss Warden—he did not know, perhaps she might object.

"Oh, you can persuade her, I'm sure!" cries Annie. "At least you will ask her, will you not?"

Yes, certainly, he would ask her. And so the next Saturday found him on the way to Sandy Hook.

Even a period so short as a month, in a city like New York, serves to effect a great change in the appearance, the mien, of a young man, when first brought in contact with its influences. The change is not only in his dress—which is sure to be vastly improved—but in his character, which may be improved, or the reverse. In Barnard's case, associations of the best class, surrounded by the highest refinements of civilization, had given him a graceful suavity, a certain air of elegance, which he was scarcely conscious of, but which was very visible to those who had known him before. Uncle Harry could hardly restrain his admiration, while Ellen was timid, a little afraid of the fine gentleman; but he soon convinced them that the same honest, manly heart throbbed beneath the broadcloth as aforetime under the Guernsey frock. Nelly made vigorous attempts to be formal and distant; but heart-felt pleasure would make the brown eyes seek the welcome face, would give to her manner the old kindly familiarity. But after supper, when he intimated that he would like to see her alone a moment, he had an important request to make, then all her pride returned. Did he think to subdue her in a moment, because he had grown so refined and handsome; or did he wish to make his important request, in order to satisfy his conscience and leave him free to take Annie Wilson? Yes, she would grant the interview, and if he wished to be free, she would take back her mother's ring, and never, never part with it again.

This was the first prearranged *tête-à-tête* he ever sought with her, and he found it rather formidable. Indeed he was so much embarrassed he hardly knew what to say. "I suppose, Annie—I mean Miss Wilson—has told you—that is, written to you, about the wedding?"

"Wedding!" cries Nelly, aghast. "I had not heard. When is it to be?"

"On the 5th of February—Annie's birthday."

"So soon!" murmured the stricken girl. "So soon!"

"Yes. I hardly thought 'twould occur so early; but the preparations are nearly all made, and my request to you is that you will be one of the bridemaids. Annie has set her heart on it, and perhaps I need not add that I too would be very glad if you would."

Poor Nelly! Where was all her pride now? Cowering upon the sofa, her little frame convulsed with sobbing, her face hidden in her hands, she wailed out, "Oh, Edward, have I deserved this?"

"Deserved?" says the dismayed youth. "How deserved? Would it be such a punishment, then, simply to stand up with me?"

"Don't, Edward. Please don't. 'Twould kill me to see you married—I know it would. When your wedding-day comes, I shall wish I was in the bottom of the ocean."

"My wedding-day? See me married? I'm not going to be married. Mr. Bently is to be the groom. Oh you dear little blush-rose, have you betrayed yourself at last? No, you shall not run away now. Nay, then, I'll hold you, if I must."

And so he did a long, long time.

Mr. Barnard was mistaken when he said he was not to be married. Nelly became Mrs. Barnard on the 5th of February.

THE Uncommercial Traveler.

NO. VIII.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IF the confession that I have often traveled from this Covent Garden lodging of mine on Sundays should give offense to those who never travel on Sundays, they will be satisfied (I hope) by my adding that the journeys in question were made to churches.

Not that I have any curiosity to hear powerful preachers. Time was, when I was dragged by the hair of my head, as one may say, to hear too many. On summer evenings, when every flower, and tree, and bird might have better addressed my soft young heart, I have in my day been caught in the palm of a female hand by the crown, have been violently scrubbed from the neck to the roots of the hair, as a purification for the Temple, and have then been carried off highly charged with saponaceous electricity to be steamed like a potato in the unventilated breath of the powerful Boanerges Boiler and his congregation, until what small mind I had was quite steamed out of me. In which pitiable plight I have been hauled out of the place of meeting, at the conclusion of the exercises, and catechised respecting Boanerges Boiler, his fifthly, his sixthly, and his seventhly, until I have regarded that reverend person in the light of a most dismal and oppressive Charade. Time was when I was carried off to platform assemblages at which no human child, whether of wrath or grace, could possibly keep its eyes open, and when I felt the fatal sleep stealing, stealing over me, and when I gradually heard the orator in possession, spinning and humming like a great top, until he rolled, collapsed, and tumbled over, and I discovered to my burning shame and fear that as to that last stage it was not he, but I. I have sat under Boanerges when he has specifically addressed himself to us—us, the infants—and at this present writing I hear his lumbering jocularity (which never amused us, though we basely pretended that it did), and I behold his big round face, and I look up the inside of his outstretched coat-sleeve as if it were a telescope with the stopper on, and I hate him with an unwholesome hatred for two hours. Through such means did it come to pass that I knew the powerful preacher from beginning to end, all over and all through, while I was very young, and that I left him behind at an early period of life. Peace be with him! More peace than he brought to me!

Now, I have heard many preachers since that time—not powerful; merely Christian, unaffected, and reverential—and I have had many such preachers on my roll of friends. But it was not to hear these any more than the powerful class that I made my Sunday journeys. They were journeys of curiosity to the numerous churches in the City of London. It came into my head one day, here had I been cultivating a familiarity with all the churches of Rome, and I knew nothing of the insides of the old churches of London! This befell on a Sunday morning. I began my expeditions that very same day, and they lasted me a year.

I never wanted to know the names of the churches to which I went, and to this hour I am profoundly ignorant in that particular of at least nine-tenths of them. Indeed, saving that I know the church of old Gower's tomb (he lies in effigy with his head upon his books) to be the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, and the church of Milton's tomb to be the church of Cripplegate, and the church on Cornhill with the great golden keys to be the church of St. Peter, I doubt if I could pass a competitive examination in any of the names. No question did I ever ask of living creature concerning these churches, and no answer to any antiquarian question on the subject that I ever put to books shall harass the reader's soul. A full half of my pleasure in them arose out of their mystery; mysterious I found them; mysterious they shall remain for me.

Where shall I begin my round of hidden and forgotten old churches in the City of London?

It is twenty minutes short of eleven on a Sunday morning when I stroll down one of the many narrow hilly streets in the City that tend due south to the Thames. It is my first experiment, and I have come to the region of Whittington in an omnibus, and we have put down a fierce-eyed spare old woman, whose slate-colored gown smells of herbs, and who walked up Aldersgate Street to some chapel where she comforts herself with brimstone doctrine, I warrant. We have also put down a stouter and sweeter old lady, with a pretty large prayer-book in an unfolded pocket-handkerchief, who got out at the corner of a court near Stationers' Hall, and who I think must go to church there, because she is the widow of some deceased Old Company's Beadle. The rest of our freight were mere chance pleasure-seekers and rural walkers, and went on to the Blackwall railway. So many bells are ringing, when I stand undecided at a street corner, that every sheep in the ecclesiastical fold might be a bell-wether. The discordance is fearful. My state of indecision is referable to, and about equally divisible among four great churches, which are all within sight and sound, all within the space of a few square yards. As I stand at the street corner, I don't see as many as four people at once going to church, though I see as many as four churches with their steeples clamoring for people. I choose my church, and go up the flight of steps to the great entrance in the tower. A mouldy tower within, and like a neglected wash-house. A rope comes through the beamed roof, and a man in a corner pulls it and clashes the bell; a whity-brown man, whose clothes were once black; a man with flue on him, and cobweb. He stares at me, wondering how I come there, and I stare at him, wondering how he comes there. Through a screen of wood and glass I peep into the dim church. About twenty people are discernible, waiting to begin. Christening would seem to have faded out of this church long ago, for the font has the dust of desuetude thick upon it, and its wooden cover (shaped like an old-fashioned tureen cover) looks as if it wouldn't come off upon requirement. I perceive the altar to be rickety, and the Commandments damp. Entering after this survey, I jostle the clergyman, who is entering too from a dark lane behind a pew of state with curtains, where nobody sits. The pew is ornamented with four blue wands, once carried by four somebodys, I suppose, before somebody else, but which there is nobody now to hold or receive honor from. I open the door of a family pew, and shut myself in; if I could occupy twenty family pews at once, I might have them. The clerk, a brisk young man (how does *he* come here?), glances at me knowingly, as who should say, "You have done it now; you must stop." Organ plays. Organ-loft is in a small gallery across the church; gallery congregation, two girls. I wonder within myself what will happen when we are required to sing.

There is a pale heap of books in the corner of my pew, and while the organ, which is hoarse and sleepy, plays in such fashion that I can hear more of the rusty working of the stops than of any music, I look at the books, which are mostly bound in faded baize and stuff. They belonged, in 1754, to the Dowgate family; and who were they? Jane Comport must have married Young Dowgate, and come into the family that way; Young Dowgate was courting Jane Comport when he gave her her prayer-book, and recorded the presentation in the fly-leaf; if Jane were fond of Young Dowgate, why did she die and leave the book here? Perhaps at the rickety altar, and before the damp Commandments, she, Comport, had taken him, Dowgate, in a flush of youthful hope and joy, and, perhaps, it had not turned out in the long-run as great a success as was expected?

The opening of the service recalls my wandering thoughts. I then find, to my astonishment, that I have been, and still am, taking a strong kind of invisible snuff up my nose, into my eyes, and down my throat. I wink, sneeze, and cough. The clerk sneezes; the clergyman winks; the unseen organist sneezes and coughs (and probably winks); all our little party wink, sneeze, and cough. The snuff seems to be made of the decay of matting, wood, cloth, stone, iron, earth, and something else. Is the something else the decay of dead citizens in the vaults below? As sure as Death it is! Not only in the cold, damp February day do we cough and sneeze dead citizens all through the service, but dead citizens have got into the very bellows of the organ, and half choked the same. We stamp our feet to warm them, and dead citizens arise in heavy clouds. Dead citizens stick upon the walls, and lie pulverized on the sounding-board over the clergyman's head, and, when a gust of air comes, tumble down upon him.

In this first experience I was so nauseated by too much snuff, made of the Dowgate family, the Comport branch, and other families and branches, that I gave but little heed to our dull manner of ambling through the service; to the brisk clerk's manner of encouraging us to try a note or two at psalm time; to the gallery congregation's manner of enjoying a shrill duet, without a notion of time or tune; to the whity-brown man's manner of shutting the minister into the pulpit, and being very particular with the lock of the door, as if he were a dangerous animal. But I tried again next Sunday, and soon accustomed myself to the dead citizens when I found that I could not possibly get on without them among the City churches.

Another Sunday. After being again rung for by conflicting bells, like a leg of mutton or a laced hat a hundred years ago, I make selection of a church oddly put away in a corner among a number of lanes—a smaller church than the last, and an ugly: of about the date of Queen Anne. As a congregation, we are fourteen strong; not counting an exhausted charity-school in a gallery, which has dwindled away to four boys and two girls. In the porch is a benefaction of loaves of bread which there would seem to be nobody left in the exhausted congregation to claim, and which I saw an exhausted beadle, long faded out of uniform, eating with his eyes for self and family when I passed in. There is also an exhausted clerk in a brown wig, and two or three exhausted doors and windows have been bricked up, and the service-books are musty, and the pulpit cushions are threadbare, and the whole of the church furniture is in a very advanced stage of exhaustion. We are three old women (habitual), two young lovers (accidental), two tradesmen, one with a wife and one alone, an aunt and nephew, again two girls (these two girls dressed out for church with every thing about them limp that should be stiff, and *vice versa*, are an invariable experience), and three sniggering boys. The clergyman is, perhaps, the chaplain of a civic company; he has the moist and vinous look, and eke the bulbous boots, of one acquainted with 'Twenty port, and comet vintages.

We are so quiet in our dullness that the three sniggering boys, who have got away into a corner by the altar-railing, give us a start, like crackers, whenever they laugh. And this reminds me of my own village church where, during sermon-time on bright Sundays when the birds are very musical indeed, farmers' boys patter out over the stone pavement, and the clerk steps out from his desk after them, and is distinctly heard in the summer repose to pursue and punch them in the church-yard, and is seen to return with a meditative countenance, making believe that nothing of the sort has happened. The aunt and nephew in this City church are much disturbed by the sniggering boys. The nephew is himself a boy, and the sniggerers tempt him to secular thoughts of marbles and string, by secretly offering such commodities to his distant contemplation. This young Saint Anthony for a while resists, but presently becomes a back-slider, and in dumb show defies the sniggerers to "heave" a marble or two in his direction. Herein he is detected by the aunt (a rigorous reduced gentlewoman who has the charge of offices), and I perceive that worthy relative to poke him in the side with the corrugated hooked handle of an ancient umbrella. The nephew revenges himself for this, by holding his breath and terrifying his kinswoman with the dread belief that he has made up his mind to burst. Regardless of whispers and shakes, he swells and becomes discolored, and yet again swells and becomes discolored, until the aunt can bear it no longer, but leads him out, with no visible neck, and with his eyes going before him like a prawn's. This causes the sniggerers to regard flight as an eligible move, and I know which of them will go out first, because of the over-devout attention that he suddenly concentrates on the clergyman. In a little while this hypocrite, with an elaborate demonstration of hushing his footsteps, and with a face generally expressive of having until now forgotten a religious appointment elsewhere, is gone. Number two gets out in the same way, but rather quicker. Number three getting safely to the door, there turns reckless, and banging it open, flies forth with a Whoop! that vibrates to the top of the tower above us.

The clergyman, who is of a prandial presence and a muffled voice, may be scant of hearing as well as of breath, but he only glances up, as having an idea that somebody has said Amen in a wrong place, and continues his steady jog-trot, like a farmer's wife going to market. He does all he has to do, in the same easy way, and gives us a concise sermon, still like the jog-trot of the farmer's wife on a level road. Its drowsy cadence soon lulls the three old women asleep, and the unmarried tradesman sits looking out at window, and the married tradesman sits looking at his wife's bonnet, and the lovers sit looking at one another, so superlatively happy, that I mind when I, turned of eighteen, went with my Angelica to a City church on account of a shower (by this special coincidence that it was in Huggin Lane), and when I said to my Angelica, "Let the blessed event, Angelica, occur at no altar but this!" and when my Angelica consented that it should occur at no other—which it certainly never did, for it never occurred any where. And oh, Angelica, what has become of you, this present Sunday morning, when I can't attend to the sermon; and, more difficult question than that, what has become of Me as I was when I sat by your side!

But we receive the signal to make that unanimous dive which surely is a little conventional—like the strange rustlings and settlings and clearings of throats and noses, which are never dispensed with, at certain points of the Church service, and are never held to be necessary under any other circumstances. In a minute more it is all over, and the organ expresses itself to be as glad of it as it can be of any thing in its rheumatic state, and in another minute we are all of us out of the church, and Whity-brown has locked it up. Another minute or little more, and, in the neighboring church-yard—not the yard of that church, but of another—a church-yard like a great shabby old mignonette-box, with two trees in it and one tomb—I meet Whity-brown, in his private capacity, fetching a pint of beer for his dinner from the public-house in the corner, where the keys of the rotting fire-ladders are kept and were never asked for, and where there is a ragged, white-seamed, out-at-elbowed bagatelle-board on the first floor.

Among the uncommercial travels in which I have engaged, this year of Sunday travel occupies its own place, apart from all the rest. Whether I think of the church where the sails of the oyster boats in the river almost flapped against the windows, or of the church where the railroad made the bells hum as the train rushed by above the roof, I recall a curious experience. On summer Sundays, in the gentle rain or the bright sunshine—either deepening the idleness of the idle city—I have sat, in that singular silence which belongs to resting-places usually astir, in scores of buildings at the heart of the world's metropolis, unknown to far greater numbers of people speaking the English tongue than the ancient edifices of the Eternal City or the Pyramids of Egypt. The dark vestries and registries into which I have peeped, and the little hemmed-in church-yards that have echoed to my feet, have left impressions on my memory as distinct and quaint as any it has in that way received. In all those dusty registers that the worms are eating, there is not a line but made some hearts leap or some tears flow in their day. Still and dry now, still and dry! and the old tree at the window with no room for its branches, has seen them all out. So with the tomb of the old Master of the old Company on which it drips. His son restored it and died, his daughter restored it and died, and then he had been remembered long enough, and the tree took possession of him, and his name cracked out.

There are few more striking indications of the changes of manners and customs that two or three hundred years have brought about than these deserted Churches. Many of them are handsome and costly structures, several of them were designed by Wren, many of them arose from the ashes of the great fire, others of them outlived the plague and the fire too, to die a slow death in these later days. No one can be sure of the coming time; but it is not too much to say of it that it has no sign in its outsetting tides of the reflux to these churches, of their congregations and uses.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

WE publish on this page three engravings of Japanese subjects, which will be viewed with interest now that every body is talking about our Japanese visitors. The picture representing Japanese noblemen is from a photograph, and will convey a faithful idea of the way they dress and their general appearance. The picture of the principal street in Jeddo is from a Japanese drawing. Our visitors have several artists with them, who will doubtless sketch our streets and publish the pictures when they return. It may be hoped that the pictures will be in a higher style of art than the view of Jeddo. The picture of the tea-garden introduces the beholder to one of the most interesting institutions of Japan—Japanese cafés, in fact, where people go to drink tea and pass an hour in a cool, pleasant atmosphere, attended by graceful maidens.

Mr. Oliphant was charmed by the waitresses at these establishments, who, he says, are as fair as European girls, and are graceful and respectful in manner. It is a pity our visitors had not brought a few of their fair countrywomen with them.

We shall next week present the reader with more sketches of our distinguished visitors.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS—A STREET IN JEDDO.—[FROM A JAPANESE DRAWING.]

JAPANESE NOBLEMEN.

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS—A TEA-GARDEN IN JAPAN.

Captain Brand,

OF THE

SCHOONER "CENTIPEDE,"

A PIRATE OF EMINENCE IN THE WEST INDIES:

His Loves and Exploits,

TOGETHER WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE SINGULAR MANNER BY WHICH HE DEPARTED THIS LIFE.

By LIEUT. H. A. WISE, U.S.N.

(HARRY GRINGO),

AUTHOR OF "LOS GRINGOS" AND "TALES FOR THE MARINES."

ILLUSTRATED BY

C. PARSONS AND A. LUMLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

DROWNING A MOTHER TO MURDER A DAUGHTER.

"No sooner had I assured the old lady that I would transfer them to my vessel than her daughter made a step forward, and, letting her shawl fall upon the deck, she seized my hand with both of hers and said, in a low contralto voice:

"'Heaven bless you, Señor.'

"By the cestus of Venus, caballeros, the pressure of that girl's hand, and the deep, speaking look of gratitude she gave me out of her liquid eyes quite did my business! I raised her soft patrician hand to my lips and kissed it respectfully. Ha! I noticed, too, as I released her round slender fingers, that she wore a sapphire of great brilliancy—ay, here it is now! I keep it in remembrance of the girl!"

Saying this the host shook back the lace ruffles of his sleeve, and, crooking his little finger, exhibited the jewel to his guests.

The Doctor looked as cold as marble, and said not a word.

"Well, gentlemen, I soon got that ship in a tolerably wholesome state of command. I made my trusty old boatswain, Pedillo, lock the fuddled skipper up sound and tight in his own stateroom, and the rest of my men took a few ropes' ends and belted the lubbers of a crew until they went to work at the pumps with renewed vigor. I also insisted upon the scared male servants of the passengers lending a hand at that innocent recreation, for you see I had no intention of letting the ship go down—"

"With the Capitano Brand in her," interrupted Señor Sanchez.

"No, by no manner of means; for the ship I felt was settling fast, and I could hear the loose cargo, which had broken adrift below in the main hold, playing the devil's own game; smashing and crushing from side to side as the vessel rolled, and coming in contact with the stanchions and beams, with a surging swash of water, too, which told the tale without the trouble of breaking open the hatches. I took, however, the precaution to run my eye over the manifest to see if, perchance, there was any treasure in the after run or any where else; as, in case there had been, I should have made some effort to get at it; but there was nothing on board but wine, dried fruits, and heavy bale goods, not worth the time or trouble, in the aspect of affairs at that time, to save as much as a single cask or a drum of prunes. I glanced, too, at the clearance list, and saw that the names of the passengers were La Señora Luisa Lavarona, and the Señorita Lucia, lady and daughter, with half a dozen orders and titles, of the Judge in Porto Rico. Bueno! roll me an orange if you please, Doctor! Ah, gracios, thanks."

The Doctor rolled the orange, and had it been a grapeshot or any other iron missile its aim would have gone straight through the Captain's body just above his left waistcoat pocket.

"In the mean while the old lady rushed around in a tremendous hurry, in and out of the cabin, losing her balance occasionally in the lurches, ordering her maids to pull out trunks and boxes on to the deck; then giving me a hug to relieve her feelings, and praying and crying between whiles in the most whimsical manner. Not contented either with getting out a pile of luggage and chests that would have swamped a jolly-boat, she insisted upon waiting until a locker was broken open in the cabin pantry for the purpose of rescuing six cases of old port wine which had been, she told me, sent as a present from the Archbishop of Lisbon to his friend the Judge. At this juncture I persuaded her to send her daughter and a few light articles first on board my vessel, when the boat would then return for herself and the remainder of their property. Accordingly I carefully wrapped the lovely girl in shawls and cloaks, and got her over the side and down into my boat, pitched a few light caskets and cases in after the young beauty, and then, with a quiet word or two into Pedillo's sharp ear, the boat shoved off. I suppose it may have been half an hour before my boat returned, and then I learned from the coxswain that he had shown his charge down into my private cabin, and she appeared as comfortable and resigned as possible. Well, we made quick work of it now, tumbled a good many things into the boat, when I myself got in to receive the old lady and her retinue. By-the-way, among the articles were the boxes of wine: this is some of it"—tapping the decanter now nearly empty from the attacks of the priest—"and in my opinion it does great credit to the taste and judgment of that venerable Archbishop.

"Where was I? Oh! ah! We were waiting alongside the ship, with her lower chain-plates not a foot above water, for the Donna to be hoisted over the rail, since she would not permit any of her attendants to precede her—though Heaven knows they were anxious enough to do so. By this time, too, after my men had left the deck of the ship, the crew had somehow got hold of a barrel of wine, and letting the pumps work themselves, were guzzling away in grand style. I began to lose patience at last, and shouted to the old lady to come at once, or I should be compelled to leave her. She merely leaned over the rail, however, and chattered forth that all she had in the world was at my service—of course, figuratively she meant—but she must stay another minute to find a jar of preserved ginger, which was her only cure for the colic."

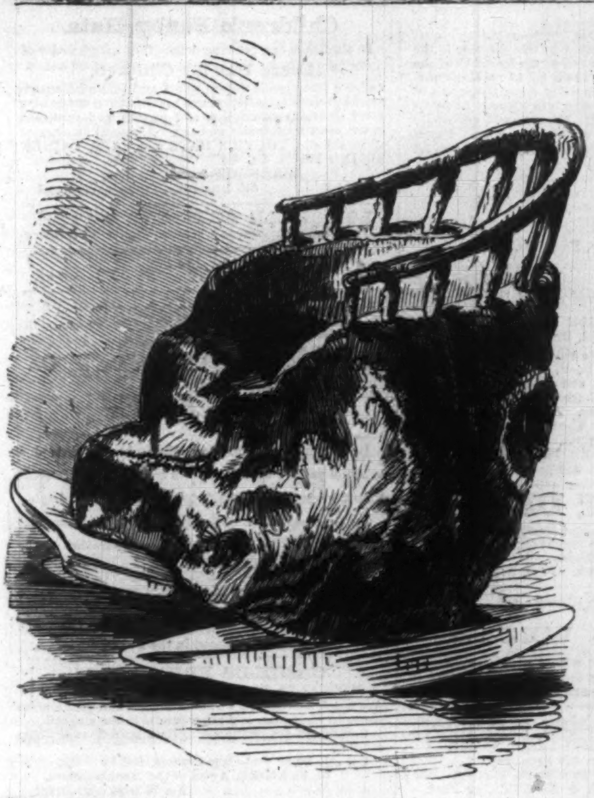
"You didn't take the offer of the old lady as a figure of speech, I presume?" asked the Doctor.

"No!" muttered the one-eyed old wretch, with a sneer. "And that jar of ginger spared her any more attacks of colic!"

"Caballeros, you are both right! I did accept the gift of her worldly goods in the frank spirit in which it was offered, without any reservation; and, to my almost certain knowledge, the Señora Lavarona was never more troubled with illness of any kind.

"The fact was, that finding the ship fast sinking, and her crew becoming boisterous and rebellious as the imminent danger burst upon them, they proposed, since their own boats were stove, to take possession of mine! That *was* a joke, to be sure! A dozen drunken swabs, with naked hands, to capture ten of the old *Centipede's* picked men, with a pistol and knife each under their shirts; and"—here the speaker laughed heartily—"and Captain Brand beside them! Diavolo! what silly people there are in this world!"

The good Padre joined his superior in this ebullition of feeling, and seemed to enjoy the joke immensely, rolling his goggle eyes and head from



THE CHAIR OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

side to side, kissing his crucifix, and exclaiming, with devotion,

"Que hombre es eso! What a man he is!"

"Well, Señores, the next minute we let go the painter and floated astern past the ship's counter, and a few strokes of the oar-blades sent us dancing away to leeward, where the schooner was lying with her fore-sail up, and the jib-sheet hauled well to windward. We made no unnecessary noise in getting alongside, and it took no great time to get the boat clear, a tackle hooked on, and to swing her on board over the long gun. Then we drew aft the sheets, set the fore-sail, and the *Centipede* was once more reeling off the knots on her course."

"But the ship, my son?"

"Why, my Padre, I was so busy attending to the schooner, and afterward going below to break the sad news to my lovely dark-eyed passenger of the loss of her mother, that I had no time to devote to the ship. Pedillo, however, told me that he heard a good deal of frantic shrieking, and prayers, and cursing, with, for a little while, the renewed clank of the chain-pumps; but after that we had got too far to windward to hear more. About midnight, though, Pedillo and some of the watch thought they saw a white shower of foam like a breaking wave, and a great commotion in the water; but that was all. So, you see, what really became of that old craft we do not positively know; though for a long time afterward I read the marine lists very attentively, but yet I never saw any accounts of her arrival at her destination.

"Perhaps," added Captain Brand, with a peculiar smile, as he lit a fresh cigar, "her arrival may have escaped my notice, as I hope it may, though I think not."

Don Ignacio intimated, by waving his forefinger to and fro, that such a hope had no possible foundation in fact; and he stated, too, that he knew the underwriters had paid the full insurance on the missing ship.

"Ah! well, that seems to settle the matter, truly," murmured the Captain, as if he had long entertained painful doubts on the subject, and now his mind was finally relieved.

"But, hijo mio! son of mine! la Señorita—hiccup—with the almond-shaped eyes—Santissima!—hic—how did she bear the—death of her—hic—mother?"

"Por Dios, Padre! there was a scene which would have drawn tears from a—"

"Pirate," suggested the Doctor.

The Padre blubbered outright, and his round, tipsy eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Ay, Monsieur, even from mine! But to go back a little. When I had got all snug on board the schooner, I went below, and moved softly on tip-toe along the passage to the door of my beautiful cabin.

"You remember, amigo," said the narrator, turning toward Don Ignacio, "how that cabin was fitted, and how much it cost to do it. I think you paid the bill for me, no?"

Oh yes! Captain Brand was quite right. Don Ignacio remembered it well, and the bill was a thousand gold ounces, sixteen thousand hard silver dollars; and by no means dear at that, for the Don never allowed any body to cheat *him*.

"Cheats, himself, though—sometimes. Don't charge more than the usual commission."

The one-eyed usurer looked wicked at this remark, but he said nothing, being occupied at the moment rolling up a paper cigar with one hand, and wetting the brown forefinger of the other.

"Well, caballeros, I peeped through the lattice-work of the cabin-door, and there reclined my pretty prize—I recall her as if it were yesterday—on one of the large blue satin damask lounges of the after transoms. Her head rested on one of her round, ivory arms, half-hidden in the luxurious pillows; her shawl, too, was thrown back; and with a somewhat disordered dress, and a mass of glossy hair clustering in ringlets about her neck and white shoulders, I thought then, as I do now, that she was a paragon of loveliness. I saw her, as she thus reclined, by the light of a large shaded crystal lamp, which hung by silver chains from the cabin-beams, and shed a rose-tinted effulgence over the whole apartment. When I first approached the door the girl was looking out of those large liquid lamps so superbly framed in her own fringe of dark lashes, in evident curiosity around the elegant cabin. Her looks wandered from the Turkey carpet on the floor to the beautiful silk hangings, that exquisite set of inlaid-pearl ebony furniture, the display of nicknacks, and Dresden porcelain panels of the sides, and, in fact, nothing seemed to escape her; and the good taste of the fittings evidently met her approbation. At times, too, she would turn her gaze out of the narrow little window of the stern, and peer anxiously over the vessel's wake, which by this time was skimming along like a wild duck, and leaving countless bubbles behind her. At the first sound I made, however, in opening the door, she started up and stepped forward to meet me.

"'Oh, Señor Capitano, mi madre! my mother! What detains her? We seem to be going very fast through the water!'

"I gently took the girl's outstretched hands and led her back to the cushioned transom. Then I told her, as kindly as I could, that I did all in my power to save her good mother, but that the crew had mutinied—they had taken possession of the unfortunate ship—great confusion existed; and as I feared, you know, that my own boat would be swamped by remaining longer alongside, I was compelled to leave her to her fate.

"'But my mother, Señor!' exclaimed the girl with anguish, 'she was saved?'

"'No, Señorita,' I said, 'she went down with the ship; but the last words she uttered—that is to me—were to invoke a blessing on my head, and to consign all she possessed to my care.' The poor thing swooned away as I uttered these words, and it was a long time before she came to again. When she did, however, regain consciousness tears came to her relief, and I did all I could to soothe her distress by telling her that, if the wind came fair, she would in the course of a few days be restored to her father."

"But the wind didn't come fair, eh?" broke in Don Ignacio, "and she didn't see—"

"No, amigo, the wind held steady from the opposite quarter, and I thought it better not to beat up with a fished foremast, and all that—and—a—she did *not* see her father."

Captain Brand here wet his thin lips with a few sips of wine, said "Babette, bring coffee!" and resumed his story.

"When the girl became a little more calm I induced her to retire to my state-room, where I left her to sob herself to sleep. Don't spill that coffee, Babette, and put the liqueurs on the table. There, that will do, old lady.

"Well, Señores, the next morning my pretty prize was too ill to leave her room; but as I handed her a cup of chocolate through the door curtains she thanked me with much gratitude for what I had done, and knew that her dear father, the Judge, would bless me."

"So he will," snarled the one-eyed old rascal, "if he ever catches you, when he draws the black cap over his head."

"Possibly he may, though perhaps it will be some considerable time before he has that pleasure.

"For three days I never even saw my pretty passenger, though I heard her low, sweet voice occasionally when I laid out something for her to eat in the adjoining cabin. She sang, too, some little sad songs with a voice which vibrated upon my ear like the notes of an Æolian harp sighing in the night wind. Dios! how I regretted then, and afterward, that I did not have a cabinet piano!"

"Presented to you," suggested the Doctor.

"Yes, presented to me, so that she might have touched the keys with those ivory and rose-tipped fingers.

"So the time passed, the schooner flying on under whole sails, the wind about two points free, and the weather as fine as silk. It was the fourth evening, I think, after parting with the Oporto trader that I induced my fair passenger to come on deck and take a little breath of sea air. You will observe, caballeros, that I did not make this suggestion in the day time, because the *Centipede's* crew, you know, were rather numerous, and some of them not so handsome in point of personal looks as ladies at all times care to behold. Besides, there were certain things about the decks—racks of cutlasses, lockers of musketry along the rail, and a long brass twelve-pounder, which is not altogether hidden by the boat, you know, and might have given rise to a little curiosity, or maybe suspicion, even in the mind of a girl, as to our character, pursuits, and so forth, which I should have been puzzled to answer. Therefore I chose the clear starlight night to pay my homage, and accordingly I went below about four bells of the first watch to escort the little lady to the deck. She was dressed, and waiting for me in the cabin; and if I was so struck with her beauty when I first saw her, my heart thumped now against my ribs like a volley of musket-balls against an oak plank. She wore a black silk robe, such as Spanish women wear at early mass, and around the back part of her head—where the hair was gathered in a glossy knot, and secured by a gold bodkin—fell the heavy folds of a black lace mantilla, the lower end fastened sash fashion around her lithe waist. She stepped, too, like a queen on a pair of slim, long, delicate feet, with arched ball and instep, as if she were in command of the schooner.

"By my right arm!" exclaimed Captain Brand, shaking that member aloft in a glorious fit of enthusiasm, "I am quite sure she had conquered me, and that was more than half the battle! Well, I led her to the quarter-deck, where some cushions and flags had been placed for her near the weather taffrail, and where she sat down. Well, Senores, the graceful girl beside me never spoke scarcely for half an hour. I divined, however, what her thoughts might have been in dwelling on the painful scenes she had recently witnessed, and I held my peace also. For you see I have had considerable experience with women, and I have ever found that a man loses more by talking than by remaining watchful and attentive."

Captain Brand looked, as he gave utterance to this philosophical sentiment, as if he were a thirsty, cold-eyed tiger, lying in wait to spring upon an unwary passer-by.

"Yes, I waited, until at last she spoke.

"'Capitano,' she said, 'what a beautiful vessel you command, and how fast she sails!'

"What I replied, my friends, is neither here nor there; but I sank down on the cushions beside the lovely girl, and poured out a torrent of passionate words—which I really felt, too, at the time—as I don't think I ever uttered before or since. She was a little startled and nervous at first, but after a while I saw her stately head droop to one side till it rested on my shoulder; I stole my arm around her yielding waist, and clasped her to my breast."

Here Captain Brand looked as if the tiger had already sprung upon the passer-by, and was sucking the blood with his claws buried deep into the carcass.

"'Señor,' she murmured, in the low, sweet plaintive note of a nightingale, 'I am a young and inexperienced girl of an old and noble family; you have saved my life, my mother is gone, and I have no one to advise with, and if my dear father smiles upon my choice I will marry you, but do not, I implore you, deceive me!'"

"And you did not deceive her, I hope," broke in the Doctor, with a shiver of light from his determined eyes that was almost painful to see, so earnest and terrible it was, as he leaned forward with both of his clenched hands quivering nervously on the table.

Captain Brand looked at the Doctor with rather a suspicious stare, and letting his thumbs drop from his arm-pits till they rested on the flaps of his waiscoat pockets, he replied in a careless tone:

"Oh no, Monsieur, I never deceived—a—that is to say, intentionally deceived a woman, in all my life!"

"Let us hear more, my son," said the priest, who had now woke up from a short nap, and took a deep interest in the love-making episode of his Captain.

"Bueno, caballeros!" continued the narrator, as he tossed off a thimbleful of maraschino from a wicker-bound square bottle, after his coffee. "Well, gentlemen, the young Portuguese damsel, Señorita Lucia, and I sat there under the weather rail till the first faint streaks of early dawn in the tropics began to announce the coming of the gray morning. Then she arose, and, leaning with a soft pressure on my arm, I took her to her cabin, kissed her sweet hands, and bade her good-night."

At this stage of the narrative Captain Brand threw himself triumphantly back in his large Manilla chair, and ran his white muscular hands through his dry light hair. Ay! the tiger had clutched his prey. An unprotected young and lovely girl had been won and lost, and her palpitating heart was soon to be torn from her tender body.

"DROWNING A MOTHER TO MURDER A DAUGHTER."

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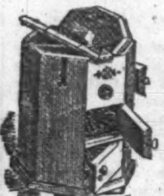

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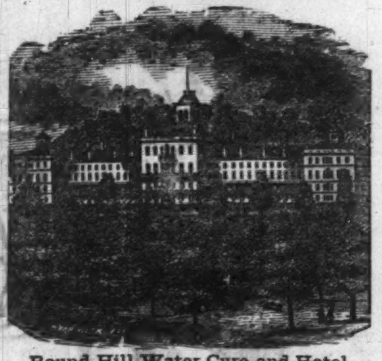

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